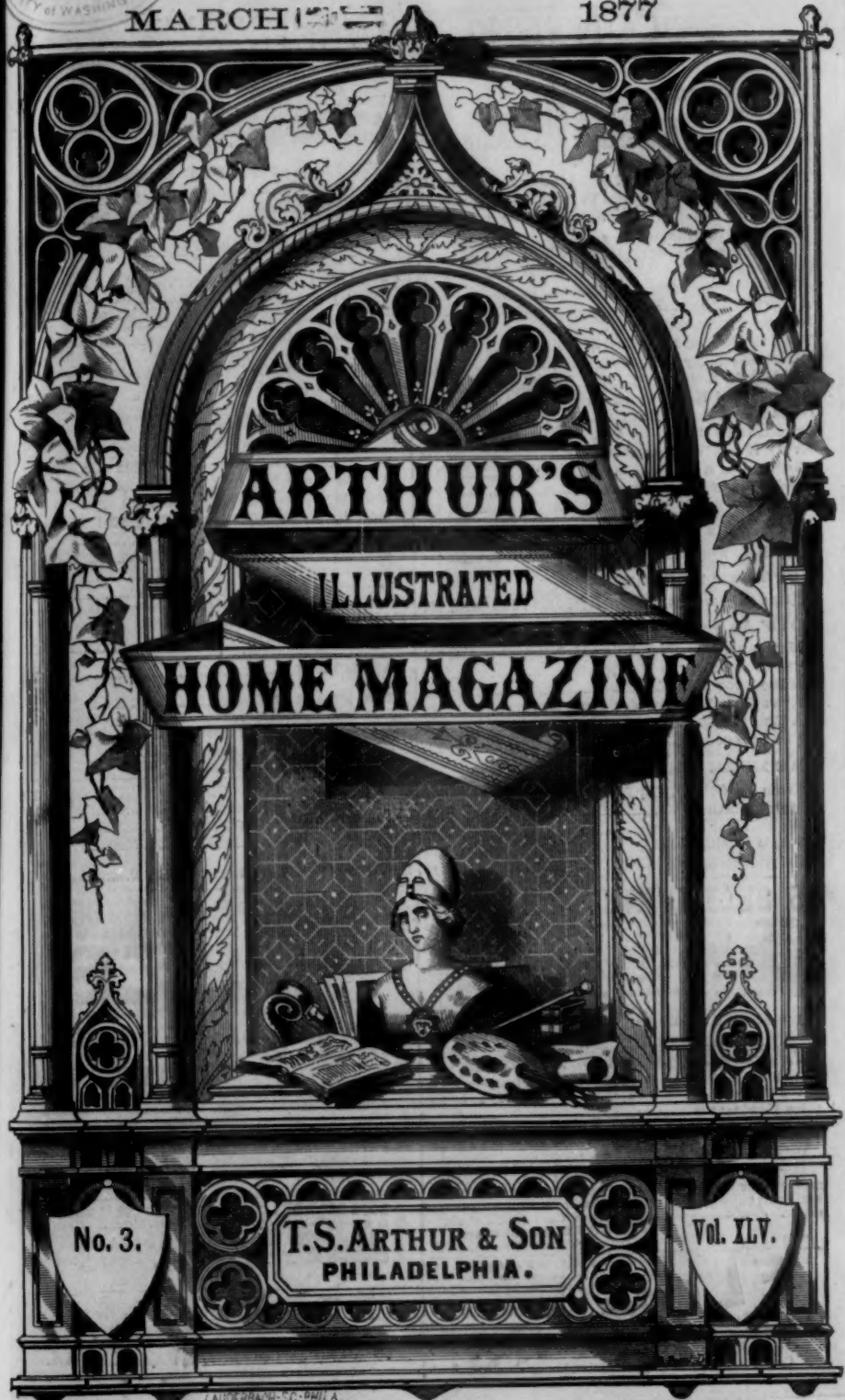


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MARCH

1877



No. 3.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON  
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XLV.

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2-3

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3-5

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

# Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' STREET SUIT.—(For Description see next Page.)



4737

*Front View.*

4737

*Back View.*

## LADIES' CHEMISE YOKE AND SLEEVES.

No. 4737.—This pattern is suitable for any of the fine muslins, linens and cambrics now in such general use for ladies' underwear, and, for a lady of medium size, requires five-eighths of a yard of

goods, thirty-six inches wide, in making the yoke and sleeves. The pattern costs 20 cents and is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.



1742

*Front View.*

4742

*Back View.*

4661

*Front View.*

4661

*Back View.*

## GIRLS' JACKET.

No. 4742.—A handsome garment to be made of suit goods or regular jacket material is illustrated by these engravings. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and its price is 25 cents. To make the jacket for a girl of 6 years,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods, 54 inches wide, will be required.

## CHILD'S SACK APRON, WITH FULL SLEEVES.

No. 4661.—Cambric, lawn, chambray or muslin may be charmingly made up into aprons like the one represented. The pattern is in 7 sizes for children from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a child of 2 years,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods, 36 inches wide, will be necessary.



4740

*Front View.*

## GIRLS' PRINCESS DRESS, BUTTONED AT THE BACK.

No. 4740.—To make the elegant little dress illustrated,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary for a girl of six years. The pattern is suitable for any material used for such dresses, and is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. Although the garment appears to have a diagonal closing, it is buttoned at the back. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



4740

*Back View.*





4741

*Front View.*

4741

*Back View.*

4712

*Front View.*

4712

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S BLOUSE, WITH DIAGONAL CLOSING.

No. 4741.—The pattern to this blouse is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress for a child of 4 years,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are needed.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 4712.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume for a girl of 7 years,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4672

*Front View.*

## MISSES' SPENCER WAIST.

No. 4672.—A waist of this kind is always pretty to wear with skirts and over-skirts of the same or another material. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and its price is 15 cents. To make the waist for a miss of 13 years, 2 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary.



4672

*Back View.*

4654

*Front View.*

4654

*Back View.*

4666

*Front View.*

4666

*Back View.*

## CHILD'S DRESS, OPEN IN THE BACK.

No. 4654.—Of material that is 27 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards are needed in making the dress for a child of 2 years. The pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents.

## CHILD'S APRON,

No. 4666.—The pattern to the apron represented is in 10 sizes for children from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a child of 5 years, 2 yards of goods, 36 inches wide, will be required.



4719

*Front View.*

4719

*Back View.*

## BOYS' JACKET.

No. 4719.—This jacket may be worn with the skirt represented, and thus complete one of the prettiest of kilt costumes. The pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 2 to 7 years of age. Of material 27 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard will be required in making the jacket for a boy of 5 years. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4727

*Front View.*

4727

*Back View.*

## BOYS' SCOTCH KILT.

No. 4727.—This cunning little skirt is all in one piece, and is double in front, where the ends lap without plaits. The pattern is in 6 sizes for boys from 2 to 7 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the kilt for a boy of 6 years, 2 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed.



4743

*Front View.*

## MISSES' DRESSING SACK.

No. 4743.—This sack may be made, according to the season and climate, of any material used for such purposes and trimmed to suit the taste. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the sack for a miss of 13 years,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 36 inches wide, are needed.



4743

*Back View.*

4730

*Front View.*

4730

*Back View.*

## BOYS' CUTAWAY, SACK COAT.

No. 4730.—To make the coat illustrated, for a boy 13 years of age, 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 9 sizes for boys from 7 to 15 years of age, and costs 25 cents.



4723

*Front View.*

4723

*Back View.*

## BOYS' JACKET.

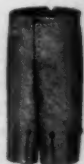
No. 4723.—The pattern to this pretty little jacket is in eight sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a boy 8 years of age,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of goods, 27 inches wide, are required.



4722

## BOYS' BOX-PLAITED PANTS.

No. 4722.—The pattern to these novel little pants is in 4 sizes for boys from 3 to 6 years of age. Of material 27 inches wide, one yard will be required in making the pants for a boy of 4 years. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



4733

## BOYS' PANTS.

No. 4733.—To make these pants for a boy of 7 years, a yard and a-fourth of goods, twenty-seven inches wide, will be needed. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and its price is 15 cents.



4721

*Front View.*

4721

*Back View.*

## BOYS' BOX-PLAITED BLOUSE.

No. 4721.—This is a pretty blouse to wear with the plaited pants above illustrated. The pattern is in 7 sizes for boys from 3 to 9 years of age. Of material, twenty-seven inches wide, two yards and three-eighths will be required for a boy of seven years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4728

*Front View.*

4728

*Back View.*

## BOYS' SHIRT-WAIST.

No. 4728.—This shirt-waist will be found very convenient to wear with cutaway jackets which are finished with no collar, and it may also be worn with pants alone. The pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age, and requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a boy of 8 years. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



4706

*Front View.*

## GIRLS' ENGLISH MORNING DRESS.

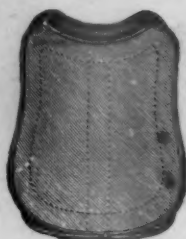
No. 4706.—The material made up in the garment illustrated is merino, with a band of velvet for trimming. The pattern is suitable for any Summer fabric, and is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 7 years,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



4706

*Back View.*

## CHEST-PROTECTOR.



4753

*Front View.*

No. 4753.—To make and line the article represented, one yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be required for a medium sized person. There are five sizes of the pattern from 8 inches wide by 9 long, to 12 inches wide by 13 long. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



4753

*Back View.*

## GENTLEMEN'S

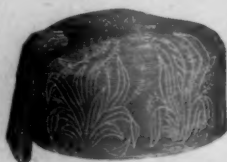
No. 4746.—pattern in 9 sizes whose shoe measure No. 4 to No. 12. pattern for over-size should be selected as that of the boot or shoe worn. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



4746

## OVERGAITER.

We have this for gentlemen's range from In ordering a gaiters the same



4745

## GENTLEMEN'S HOUSE CAP.

No. 4745.—The pattern to this cap requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods 30 inches wide, for the cap, together with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of silk, 20 inches wide, for lining. There is but one size of the pattern, and its price is 15 cents.

## GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPER.

No. 4752.—The pattern to this slipper is in 9 sizes for gentlemen whose boot or shoe measures range from No. 4 to No. 12. In ordering a pattern for slippers, the same size as that of the boot or shoe worn should be given. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



4752



4747

*Front View.*GENTLEMEN'S  
HOUSE JACKET.

No. 4747.—The material represented is cashmere, with trimmings of cable-cord and silk embroidery. The pattern is in 15 sizes for gentlemen from 30 to 44 inches, breast measure. Of material 27 inches wide,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards are needed in making the house jacket for a gentleman of medium size. Price of pattern, 50 cents.



4747

*Back View.*

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T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.







THE FAIR ARTIST.—Page 161.

# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLV.

MARCH, 1877.

No. 3.



## BOTHWELL CASTLE.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

**N**EAR the town of Bothwell, which is situated on the right bank of the Clyde, a few miles above Glasgow, is the Castle of Bothwell. The construction of this castle dates back to the time of the Normans: and, after having been the home and stronghold of many successive nobles of the Hepburn and Douglass families for many centuries, it has now fallen into ruins. It

VOL. XLV.—9.

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(123)



THE FAIR ARTIST.—Page 261.

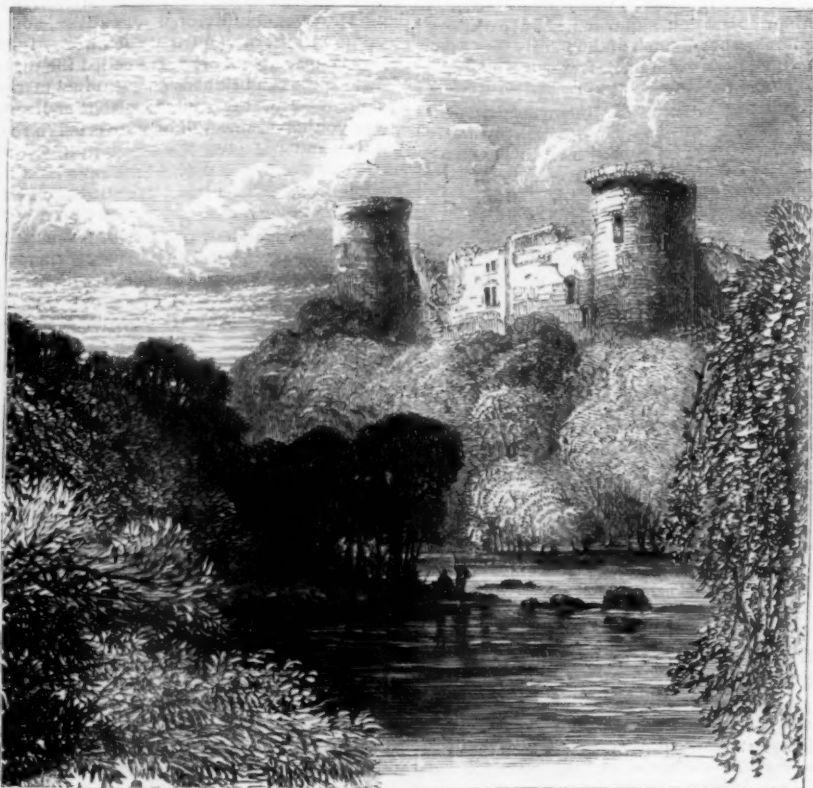


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"Then on the Scottish part, right proud,  
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast,  
And stepping forth with stomach good,  
Into the enemies throng he thurst;  
And Bothwell! Bothwell! cried bold,  
To cause his soldiers to ensue,  
But there he caught a welcome cold,  
And Englishmen straight down him threw."

The grandson of this earl, James Hepburn, married Mary Queen of Scots, after having been, as was suspected not without reason, concerned in the murder of Darnley, her former husband.

The castle passed, in the fourteenth century, from the possession of the Hepburns into that of the Douglasses, by the marriage of Archibald Douglass, Lord of Galloway, with the heiress of Bothwell. The Douglasses grew so rapidly in importance that this estate was soon considered but a minor possession, and when, about a century and a half later, one-branch of the family was compelled to take possession of it, it was considered a disgrace. The occasion of this return to the old family estate was as follows: "Spens, of Kilspeidie, a favorite of James IV., having spoken lightly of Lord Angus, the earl met him while hawking, and compelling him to single combat, at one blow cut asunder his thigh bone, and killed him on the spot. But ere he could obtain James's pardon for this slaughter, Angus was obliged to yield his Castle of Hermitage in exchange for that of Bothwell, which was some diminution to the family greatness." The following quotation from "Marmion," describes the appearance of Angus in his old age, and refers to this event:

"Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
Doffed his furred gown, and sable hood;  
O'er his huge form, and visage pale,  
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,  
And leaned his large and wrinkled hand  
Upon the huge and sweeping brand,  
Which wont, of yore, in battle fray,  
His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.  
He seemed as, from the tombs around  
Rising at judgment day,  
Some giant Douglass may be found  
In all his old array;  
So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
So old his arms, his looks so grim."

A reference is made to Bothwell Castle in the following lines, also from "Marmion":

"O'er the earl's cheek the flush of rage  
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:  
Fierce he broke forth: 'And dar'st thou then  
To beard the lion in his den,  
The Douglas in his hall?  
And hop'st thou thence unscathed to go?  
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!'"

There are events bearing a later date which connect interest with the locality of this castle. The Clyde, one of the largest rivers in Scotland, sweeps before the castle, and waters the beautiful "Bothwell bank," so celebrated in Scottish song. A little further down, at the town of Bothwell, is the bridge over the river, where took place the bloody encounter between Monmouth and the Covenanters, in 1679, when the latter were so terribly defeated. Walter Scott, in his novel of "Old Mortality," gives a lengthy and interesting, though

doubtless somewhat imaginary description of this battle. Ballads, songs and romances have each taken their turn in signaling the events which have conspired to give importance to Bothwell Castle and its environs. One old ballad reads:

"I am bound to Bothwell-hill,  
Where I maun either do or die."

The castle itself is now in a state of grand and picturesque ruins.

### THREE AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY MADGE CARROL.

MISS LUCY FEATHERSTONE lived all alone in her own bandbox of a house. She did it, too, on just the smallest income that ever covered individual necessities, and was, by some sleight-of-hand truly feminine, induced to leave a margin for what are called the luxuries of life. Although bright as an autumnal marigold, this member of the solitary sisterhood was no longer young. I mean to be very cruel to readers that are, and not give the exact number of her years. Suffice to say they might have been more, they might have been less. Her little homestead, flanked by taller buildings, looked like a child at a show wedged in between grown people and determined to see if not to be seen. There were three rooms, one above another, with a make-believe kitchen back, and every one was like a booth at a fancy bazaar. Miss Featherstone knowing the ins and outs of all sorts of dainty work, laid the tiniest bit of color under contribution, and even turned odd buttons to account. So, whichever way the eye roved, some graceful shape or rainbow-wrought trifle lent a pleasing effect. The most attractive feature of all was the parlor window with its fernery, aquarium, hanging-baskets and canaries. A picture in living gold and green, that delighted many a passer-by and was in special favor with the boys trooping to and from a public school around the corner.

Miss Featherstone was particularly fond of these juvenile representatives of the sterner sex, and they knew it. Her parlor door opened directly on the street, to be sure, but there was a piece of matting, she called "the boys' highway," laid straight across to the kitchen. Over this in stormy or cold weather she daily piloted such of the youngest as were so eager in the pursuit of knowledge as to arrive before the gates opened. These were each and all welcome to bask in front of the tiny cook-stove until within three minutes, sharp, of nine. If any of their number managed to squeeze out a few icy tears, so much the better for the rest, and every one performed this trick with remarkable success. It served as a signal to which their hostess seldom failed to respond in a manner entirely satisfactory. There appeared no limit to the resources of that corner dresser, and yet its proportions were so diminutive as to excite from one irreverent infant the remark: "Side of ours that looks only half-grown."

One morning, Miss Featherstone had dismissed a flock of these public lambs, gathered up the snow-prints they left, and was about to sit down

behind the gold and green window-screen when some one rapped sharply. My heroine was not one of the fainting sisterhood, else, opening the door and confronting a face there, she would have acted up the character in a twinkling. There were two faces, one below, one on a level with her own, and it was this on which her gaze became riveted.

"If you please, ma'am, this little chap says he was in here warning himself and thinks he dropped a note. The teacher sent me to see."

There was nothing startling in this remark, nor anything extraordinary in the appearance of the lad. He stood there with his cap off and the wind creeping through his brown hair, just such a fourteen-year-old school-boy as you might meet almost any day, yet the strange look that overspread Miss Featherstone's countenance at sight of him deepened. Her stepping aside to let them pass was simply a mechanical movement.

"Now, Buff, where is it?" and the speaker for the occasion stopped in the centre of the room, taking in its every detail with quick, observant eye. "Look! Stir about lively! Don't keep the lady waiting."

Thus admonished, "Buff" trotted into the kitchen fast as his snow-heels would let him, and was returning, sniffing, when a pair of knuckles beat a reveille on the window and a voice hailed: "Hillo, Win! Win Stanley, we've got it!"

"Sorry to trouble you, ma'am," said the boy, from whose bright face Miss Featherstone's gaze had not wandered in the least, "and, much obliged."

With that he tossed his cap on his head and darted from the house, leaving behind him a woman who felt that she had seen the dead.

It was her intention to watch for him next morning, but an old friend coming in very early to spend the day prevented. However, it turned out she was not to be disappointed. One instant the bright young face was set in that framework of fern and ivy about the window, calling, "May I come in?" the next he had entered the room. Miss Featherstone's cheeks had turned white at first sight of him; they more than made up for it in color now.

"There was a thingumbob here yesterday I hadn't time to look at. What do you call it?"

Every inch a boy, a bright, rollicking boy, he rushed toward a small cabinet containing a few old-world curiosities, and pointed out the article which had attracted his attention. While Miss Featherstone was busily explaining, Mrs. Kresslar was all agape.

"Is that Jarvis Sherbrooke's son?" she inquired, the instant the door closed upon him.

"I don't know," answered Miss Featherstone, hesitatingly. "His companion called him Stanley. Win Stanley."

"Then, depend on it, Jarvis Sherbrooke's dead and the widow married again. Why, Lucy, that youngster's got the very face off of Jarv as he was when we knew him. Is it possible you didn't notice it?"

Thus appealed to, Lucy was obliged to confess that she had.

Mrs. Kresslar was not one of the sort that be-

lieve in letting "the dead past bury its dead," not she, indeed. And straightway set about causing to walk the ghost of the one love that ever brightened Miss Featherstone's life. After all, it was a very common-place affair. Jarvis Sherbrooke, at the age of eighteen, lost his heart to Lucy Featherstone, aged seventeen. Not being able to recover it, she gave him hers, which arrangement proved entirely satisfactory to those most closely concerned. He was an orphan, and very, very poor. She was not. The country people round about them used to say Gus Featherstone had feathered his nest pretty snugly. Not quite so snugly as they thought, but that's neither here nor there. At the age of twenty-one, Jarvis Sherbrooke went to the then very far West to seek his fortune. The mail-coach of those days was an exceeding slow coach. The letters that came few and far between for a year or two finally dropped off altogether. Then the years in which Lucy grew old and was left alone went creeping by. Finally came a very straight story from one who had known the young couple intimately. Jarvis prospered, was married and had children growing up around him. So he went out of her life, and Lucy went on with hers just as though she had never had a lover. Now, after long years, he seemed to be coming very close again. Left alone in the twilight of that wintry day, every scene in which he had figured, passed in review before her. The last of all staring her loneliness and solitude in the face like the veriest mockery. A wood, clothed upon with autumnal colors, opened up before her, out of its abundance the half of one leaf dropped into her outstretched hand and burned there like a little flame. Then came another, and another, until there were three, their counterparts resting in that other hand so soon to be beyond her utmost reach.

"They shall come together, Lucy love, when we come," the dearest, best-remembered voice in the world was saying, "when we meet again and our lives are complete in each other."

Miss Featherstone's life and Miss Featherstone's leaflets still remained incomplete. Contrasting both in the gleam of the red firelight, the resemblance was very close. Once existence was all rose-color, once those leaves were gold and scarlet liveried, now she was gray and her keepsakes brown.

Two weeks later, Mrs. Kresslar inquired how about young Stanley, had she seen him lately? She had, he stopped in almost every day. In reply to the question had she found out anything, Miss Featherstone made the subjoined statement: His mother died before he was seven. There were two younger, two older brothers. One of these, Lucien, was married and living out West. Mr. Stanley and the youngest boys were visiting his family. They had not lived in the city long. Had a housekeeper, and the conclusion was that they were very well off.

"You're sure his name's Stanley?"

"Quite sure. It is written in all his books. W. Stanley."

"Well, I can't make it out. Jarv Sherbrooke had neither brother nor sister, I'm certain, yet

such a likeness as there is in that boy's face must mean something."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the subject of these remarks, bursting into the room. "Pop will be home when I get there, and I'm off for a week. Auntie, where's that map I left the other day?"

He tossed his cap into one corner, his books into another and entered upon a very active, energetic search.

Miss Featherstone often laughingly declared his highway was all over her house. She might have added, all over her heart, too, but left that to be inferred. In this particular instance she paid no heed to his movements until a low whistle and a very emphatic, "Here's a go," attracted her attention. The night she had taken that backward glance, conning her gray life and brown leaves over in the red firelight, she ended with dropping the little case into that handiest of all receptacles, a wall-rack. It was this the boy had found.

"Is this yours?"

The startled woman, trying hard to retain her composure, simply bowed.

"Shall I take it home with me?"

"Yes."

"Something's coming," whispered Mrs. Kresslar, who at once ferreted out the story of the leaves, and "Something's coming," echoed Miss Featherstone's heart, though why she should feel so when Win's head was as full of odd whims as his hands were of pranks, was impossible to understand.

"Pop, you'd call that a pretty good fit, wouldn't you?"

Win being such a chatterbox his father paid no attention to this remark. Sitting in one easy-chair, his feet on another, that gentleman was the picture of ease and comfort, as also the apartment he occupied. Evidently its furniture, although very handsome, was intended for family use. Two boys lie buried—boots and all—in sofa pillows. A third seemed to have devoted every energy to the purpose of discovering how much space he could over-strew with his personal effects, and upon how many chairs he could manage to distribute himself. These were all sound asleep.

"See here, pop, wouldn't you call that a pretty good fit?"

Miss Featherstone's leaves and their counterparts—spread on a black and red chess-board with just a line between to show where they were severed—were presented for inspection.

"Where did you get those?"

The effect produced startled Win considerably, nevertheless, he answered, frankly: "I've seen these," indicating one side, "in your drawer many a time. The others come from Aunt Feathers'. They were in the same kind of a frame and—"

"Where do you say you got those others?"

"I call her Aunt Feathers. It isn't respectful, I know, but then—"

His father again interrupted. "Who was this lady and what was her real name?"

After ascertaining all that the child knew about her, he surprised the household by going out. A very unusual thing for him to do after dark.

Miss Featherstone also did something unusual

that night, she opened the door to a man. There was a tiny bald spot on the top of the man's head, his whiskers were strewn with gray, yet his brow remained unfurrowed, his eyes dark and keen. He seemed to take in at a glance the lady before him, the bright little room, the portraits on the wall, then he said "Lucy!" and she answered with "Jarvis!"

"Rest assured you'll have trouble with that boy, Lucy," growled Mrs. Kresslar. "Any child that would make two names out of one, say it was the teacher's fault, and let it go because he thought that was name enough—any child, I say, that would do such a thing, is not to be trusted. That's a queer story Jarvis tells, too, about hearing you'd married our Sam. A very queer story."

In spite of this grumbling, every article in the Bandbox, including the mistress, of course, went into the big house.

August Sherbrooke, quite an artist in his way, re-mounted the long-severed leaves, and, framed in gold and gray, they adorn Mrs. Sherbrooke's chamber.

"I used to call her Aunt Feathers," says that saucy Win Stanley, "now she's Mother Goose."

Meeting her at the Exhibition with her boys last summer, you would never have guessed—motherly little body as she is—that the second chapter of life's romance had just opened for her. It has, however, and around its initial letter cluster Three Autumn Leaves.

### AN EMPTY NEST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

WHAT glory crowned the summer days!  
Three nestlings in our little nest!

I never knew which sang the best.

Oh, happy summer, gone away!

I sometimes think I hear them yet.

But then!—I never shall forget!

One morning, in our little nest,

One voice was silent, loved how well,

Each sorrowing mother's heart will tell.

We sought the lost one far and near:

But nothing answered to our call:

Only dumb silence over all.

She never sought the nest again.

Perhaps, in prison barred with gold

She sings the songs she sang of old.

But, ah! I doubt. She could not sing

The old, sweet songs when barred about

With wires which shut her freedom out.

Perhaps, sometimes sad memory

Will silent songs of old repeat.

Her wings must 'gainst her prison beat.

Another nestling tried his wings,

And flew away. Oh, bird, come back!

And bring the summer days we lack.

One died within the little nest.

We watched it slowly droop away,

And missed its song one lonesome day.

To-day we have an empty nest.

Oh, little birds, if you could rest

Once more beneath your mother's breast!



"LIVING SUNBEAMS."

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

PART II.

HAVING in our former paper taken a general survey of the humming-bird, and at the same time presented a few brief notes with regard to those of the family found within the limits of the United States, we will now endeavor to give our readers some account of the more interesting species met with in other parts of the Western hemisphere. Before doing so, however, it may be well, just here, to add to our general observations a few remarks gathered from Wallace's "Geographical Distribution of Animals," which has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York. "It is now well ascertained," says Wallace, "that the Trochilidae are really insectivorous birds, although they feed largely, but probably never exclusively, on the nectar of flowers. Their nearest allies are undoubtedly the swifts; but the wide gap that now separates them from these, as well as the wonderful variety of form and of development of plumage found among them, alike point to their origin, at a very remote period, in the forests" of the Andes at a time when those mountains were islands. "There is, perhaps, no more striking contrast, of the like nature, to be found, than that between the American king-fishers—confined to a few closely allied forms of one Old World genus—and the American humming-birds, with more than a hundred diversified generic forms unlike everything else upon the globe; and we can hardly imagine any other cause for this difference, than a (comparatively) very recent introduction in the one case, and a very high antiquity in the other."

Among all the brilliant and beautiful birds of which this family is composed, there are few, perhaps none, which can surpass in the richness and loveliness of their hues what are known as the topaz humming-birds. Two of these, the crimson topaz and the fiery topaz, we shall briefly notice. Which of the two is the most beautiful it is difficult to decide. The fiery topaz, also somewhat remarkable for the size it occasionally attains, is certainly a most gorgeous bird. The flaming scarlet of its general hue contrasts strikingly with the intense velvety blackness of the head and a portion of the neck. A rich, lustrous emerald-green, with a patch of delicate crimson in its centre, marks the under part of the throat, while a lovely green, with an orange lustre, adorns the lower part of the back and the feathers toward the tail. A rich purple-black distinguishes the wings and tail. In the male, two long, narrow, purplish-green feathers shoot out from the tail, crossing each other near their base. Strikingly elegant in form, and with plumage of such varied brilliancy, this bird well deserves the encomiums bestowed upon it by Lucien Bonaparte, who describes it as "the most beautiful of the humming-birds." Its nest is somewhat noteworthy, from the fact that it looks as if it were made of leather. The substance of which it is woven is a kind of fungus, quite smooth, and of a reddish-dun color. The nest is fixed upon the bough to which it hangs, with such

wonderful skill and cunning, that one can hardly tell it from the bark, or from some of the many fungus growths found upon the branches of trees.

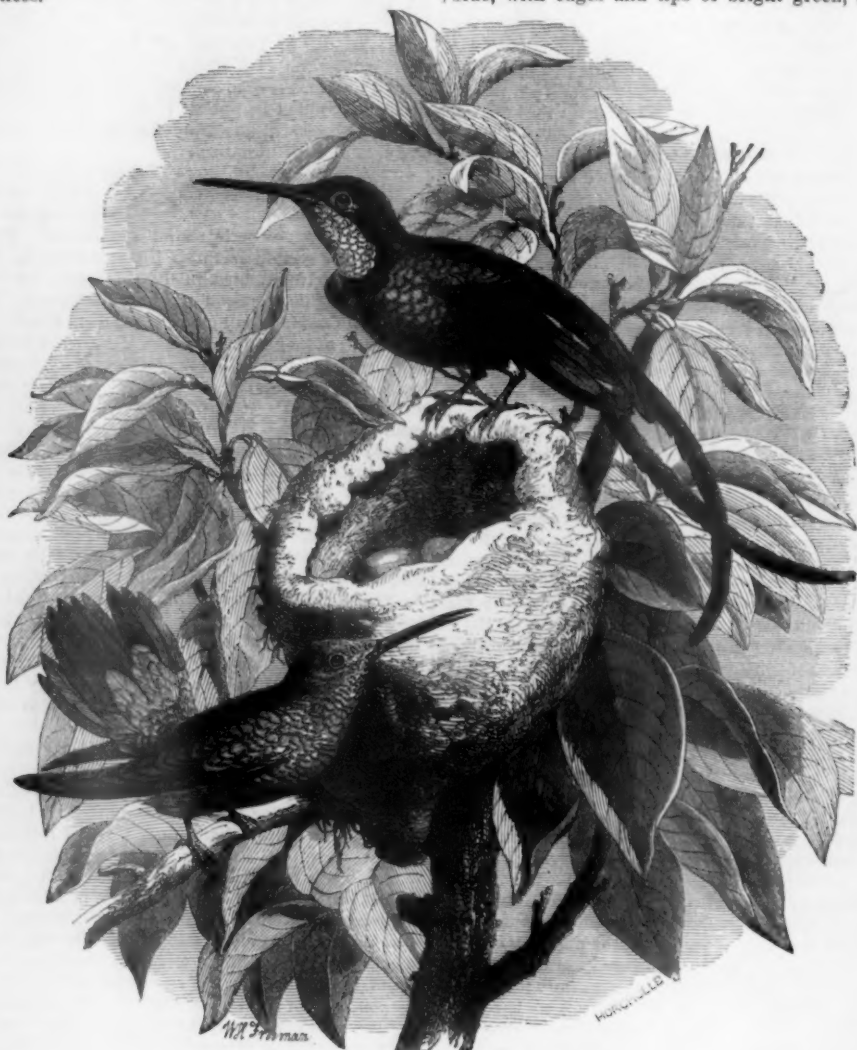
The crimson topaz, of which, and its nest, we give a very fine illustration, bears a strong resemblance to the preceding bird. The general hue is a deep crimson, rather than a flaming scarlet, while, with the exception of the two long feathers, the tail is a reddish buff. It is a native of the Islands of Trinidad and Cayenne, where, being somewhat of a night-bird in its habits, it lives a shy and retired life on the banks of some stream, shrouded in almost impenetrable forests. It rarely stirs from its secluded nest, save at early dawn, or just about sunset.

In the show-cases of the taxidermist, one of the most striking and most frequently met with humming-birds is the ruby and topaz, or ruby-headed humming-bird, as it is sometimes called. The name of the aurora has also been given to it. It is a very common bird in Trinidad, and in the Guianas on the mainland of the same latitude. It derives its name of ruby and topaz from the brilliant hues of its head and throat, the former being of a deep ruby tint, while the latter is of a lustrous topaz. Thousands of these birds annually fall victims to man's love of science, ornament or gain. Stuffed and dried, they finally find a resting-place in the cabinets of naturalists, or display their brilliant plumes among the ornaments of women's head-gear in all parts of the world. Those who collect and prepare them for market, rarely take the trouble to skin them, but merely remove the entrails, supply their place with cotton, and then leave the birds to dry, trusting to the very small amount of flesh on their tiny skeletons for their coming out in proper condition. Wires, however, are inserted as usual. The birds thus prepared are very imperfect in shape, but the beauty of their plumage seems to hide any little defects of form that may result from this slovenly mode of stuffing.

Returning to our own ruby-throat, we find a closely-related species in the *Trochilus Polytmus*, or long-tailed humming-bird of Jamaica, so called from the two long tail-feathers possessed by the male. It is quite a handsome bird, of a glossy, golden-green on its back, with purple-brown wings, black tail with steel-blue lustre, and with throat, breast and all the lower parts of a brilliant emerald green. The nests of these birds are of wonderful construction, and frequently placed in very curious localities. One, for instance, was found, says Wood, on the sea-shore, fastened to a slender twig of wild vine, and actually overhanging the waves, where certainly it was safe from a great many kinds of intruders. The nest is beautifully formed of silky cotton threads, mingled with the web of certain spiders, and is often profusely studded with lichens. We are told, also, that the bird is in the habit of removing its eggs or young when it has been disturbed, though the mode by which the removal is accomplished yet remains a mystery. At favorite feeding-grounds they are met with in great numbers. Sometimes not less than a hundred have been seen to come successively to rifle the same blossoms within the

space of fifty yards, in the course of a forenoon. They are, however, in no respects gregarious. Though three or four may at the same moment be hovering about the blossoms of the same bed, there is, in reality, no association. They come together, not from any gregarious instinct, but simply in the pursuit of their individual preferences.

green, the general color of the body being a bronze-green. The wings are purple-brown, and the under part of the throat is of a most intense purple-blue. But the resplendent tail of this bird is its crowning beauty. The two central feathers are of a lustrous metallic green; the two next are, at the base, a deep black, which runs into a rich blue, with edges and tips of bright green, about



CRIMSON TOPAZ HUMMING-BIRDS AND NEST.

Another humming-bird remarkable for length of tail is the blue-tailed sylph, one of the loveliest and most graceful in form and movement of the entire family. A native of the temperate regions of the Andes, it is also found on the sides of the Cordilleras, at an elevation of from five to ten thousand feet above the sea. In the male bird, the crown of the head is of a metallic golden-

with blue. The long outer feathers are black for half their length, the remaining portion being a steel blue.

In length of tail, however, the sylph is surpassed by the train-bearer, a native of Quito, which has a tail nearly six inches long, a length of caudal appendage something wonderful, when we regard the diminutive proportions of the tiny

creature to which it appertains. The shear-tail hummers, as, for instance, the slender shear-tail and cora's shear-tail, both singularly handsome birds, are also noticeable for the length and other peculiarities of their tail-feathers. It is to be remembered that these long tails are always restricted to the male birds.

In the racket-tailed humming-birds, we have another instance of those odd forms which are so frequently met with among these beautiful little creatures. They are chiefly remarkable for the curious form of their tails, the two long feathers in which are shaped much like the "racket," or

constant motion, waving gently in the air, crossing each other, and opening and closing in the most graceful manner."

In our first paper, we gave an illustration of the sword-bill humming-bird, with a bare reference to the characteristic feature from which it derives its name. This curious species is rather above the ordinary size of humming-birds, and is found in Santa Fe de Bogota, the Caraccas, and in Quito. It is met with at considerable elevations, having often been seen at a height of twelve thousand feet above the sea. The inordinately long bill possessed by this bird seems to have been given



SICKLE-BILL HUMMING-BIRD.

club, used in the old-fashioned game of tennis ball. Besides the common racket-tail, which is a native of Cayenne, Surinam and Demarara, as also some parts of Northern Brazil, we have the white-booted racket-tail, a native of the Columbian Andes, which is distinguished not only by the peculiar "racket" shape of its tail, but still further by having its legs almost hidden in two beautiful white downy puffs, or "boots," as they are technically termed. "This bird," says Wood, "is remarkably swift of wing, its darting flight reminding the spectator of the passage of an arrow through the air. While hovering over the flowers, the long racket-shaped feathers of the tail are in

to it to enable it to procure its food from the long pendant corollas of a certain flower upon whose nectar, and the insects attracted thereby, it principally feeds. It is a brilliantly beautiful bird—green, gold, glowing purple, bronze, black and white, vying with each other in its sparkling tints. Its motions are singularly graceful, and while feeding it goes through the most bewitching movements, as it probes the hanging blossoms, searching their inmost depths. The nest of this bird is of very beautiful construction, and woven with marvellous skill to the end of the twig upon which it hangs suspended.

Another hummer noticeable on account of the

singular shape of its beak is the sickle-bill, of which we give a very correct illustration. In it we have an additional instance of the wonderful adaptation of means to ends, which is everywhere seen amid the works of nature. As in the sword-bill humming-bird, the beak is enormously lengthened, in order to enable it to probe the long, bell-shaped flowers in which the bird finds its chosen food, so

humming-bird, with its singularly serrated beak, and its odd nest, which, woven of vegetable fibre, looks like nothing so much as an open net-work purse, through the meshes of which one sees the tiny eggs; and contenting ourselves with a simple mention of the thorn-bill humming-birds, with their curious beard-like appendages, we shall now proceed to speak of some of the oddities, as we may



SALLE'S HERMIT, OR WHITE-TIPPED HUMMING-BIRD.

in the sickle-bill we find the beak comparatively short, and very sharply curved, to adapt it to the peculiarly curved shape of the flower-tubes in which its owner looks for sustenance. A native of Bogota and Veragua, this bird is very rare, and more remarkable for the pleasing arrangement of its hues than for their brilliancy.

With a mere passing glance at the saw-bill

call them, of this interesting family. One of these is the tiny snow-cap, perhaps, in some respects, the most curious of its tribe. This little creature is entirely dark, with the exception of a snow-white crown on its head, and a bold streak of white on its tail. Though apparently of a dark brown, when examined closely it is seen to be of a coppery hue, on which a purplish reflection is



visible at times. Gould, who found it in New Granada, thus speaks of it: "The first one I saw was perched on a twig, pluming its feathers. I was doubtful for a few moments whether so small an object could be a bird, but on close examination I convinced myself of the fact, and secured it. Another I encountered while bathing, and for a time I watched its movements. It would poise itself about three feet or so above the surface of the water, and then as quick as thought dart downwards, so as to dip its miniature head in the placid pool; then up again to its original position, quite as quickly as it had descended. These movements of darting up and down it would repeat in rapid succession, which produced not a moderate disturbance of the surface of the water for such a diminutive creature." All this, it would seem, was merely for purposes of ablution; for, after a considerable number of dippings, the bird alighted on a near twig, and commenced pluming itself.

Still more unique in appearance are the coquette humming-birds. Among these we may mention the spangled coquette, with its crest of ruby chestnut feathers, each with a ball-like spot or spangle of dark bronze-green at the tip—a singular appendage, which, capable of being raised or depressed at will, looks, when in full display, like the spread-out tail of a miniature peacock, and wonderfully changes the entire expression of its bright-eyed little wearer; the tufted coquette, a bird of extreme rarity, a native of Northern Brazil, and distinguished by its snow-white, shining, green-tipped neck-crest, the feathers of which stand out on each side of its breast, like balancers, and, with the tufted head-crest, give the bird a most singular appearance; and, oddest and most unique of all humming-birds, that wonderful little creature, Princess Helena's coquette. This queer-looking bird is a native of Guatemala. Seen in front, its face looks like a three-cornered affair, from the lower angle of which proceeds the beak, while from each of the two upper corners sticks out a sharp, straight tuft, for all the world like a tiny pair of diabolical horns, and giving the bird a truly comical aspect. The throat is encircled by a row of long, narrow, white feathers. From the back of the head stick out six long, hair-like feathers, three on a side, so that, taken as a whole, the bird has somewhat of the appearance of a diminutive flying hedge-hog. The female, as is the case with all the others we have enumerated, and, as we have already observed, with humming-birds in general, is quite a plain-looking bird, with neither crest, nor plumes, nor long hair-feathers.

The little group of hummers, called by the poetical name of sun-angels, are all remarkable for the exceeding lustre of the feathers decorating their throats. Clarissa's sun-angel, noted for the rich ruby-crimson of its gorget, is a bird of which thousands are annually killed by blow-pipes, for the sake of their skins. Two thousand have been sold in a single lot, at Paris, merely for the manufacture of head-dresses.

Passing rapidly by several beautiful groups, such as the thorn-tails, so called from the sharp, dis-

tinctly defined and thorn-like appearing feathers of their tails; the helmet-crests, with their strange crest-plumes, and their long, beard-like chin-tufts; the star-throats, thus named on account of the bright metallic gleam of the feathers on their throats; the hill-stars; the wood-stars, and hundreds of others, all of rare beauty, and as interesting as lovely; and merely referring to the little vervain humming-bird, the tiniest of all these tiny creatures, which a good-sized humble-bee will outweigh, we will conclude this article, already longer than we had intended, with a few remarks in regard to the hermit humming-birds, of one of which, Salle's hermit, we give a spirited illustration.

Venezuela and the Caracas seem to be the chief homes of the hermit humming-birds. They are all remarkable for two peculiarities; the first being that the tail is regularly graduated, the two central feathers being the longest, and the others diminishing on each side; and the second, that the two sexes, contrary to the general rule among humming-birds, are nearly alike in coloring, the female having quite as much beauty as her lord and master. All those hermits of whose habits we know anything, build a curiously-formed nest, funnel-shaped, and attached to the end of some drooping leaf. One species, the pigmy hermit, has the exterior of its pensile home covered all over with downy seeds. Of the habits of Salle's hermit, or the white-tipped humming-bird, as it is sometimes called, very little is known. The upper parts of its body are green-bronze, excepting the feathers covering the upper portion of the tail, which are ruby-red. The wings are purple-brown, the central tail-feathers bronze tipped with white, and the remainder are white, with a broad black band drawn obliquely across the base. Underneath, the color is a sober gray, and above and below the eye there is a white streak. Nature thus seems, after all, to adhere to her rule with regard to the plainness of the female humming-bird, even while violating it in one direction.

## MY NEIGHBORS' CROSSES.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I FELT cross and growly. The fire in the kitchen stove didn't burn; the weather was cold; the last loaf of bread was cut; my new shoes pinched my feet; Maxwell's old cow hooked the gate open; father had caught a cold because he was obliged to wear his old shirts; Harry had bought some new books that he didn't need; the minister's salary was due, and my last quarter's subscription was not paid; the editor of the *Times* had not sent the money he had promised me; Lucy had lost one of her ear-rings, and grandmother's rheumatism was so bad that she suffered torture—why, it did seem as if nobody in the world had as much trouble as I had.

Dick came in and found me crying. I told him my cloud had no lining at all; there wasn't a show of silver in it—that I was miserable and didn't know what to do.

"How would it be to count your blessings?"

said he, rubbing his hands together in a satisfied way.

"O Dick, how can you trifle with me?" said I, crying right out most indignantly.

He stepped round behind my chair, and letting down the heavy coil of hair that seemed to press on my head like a helmet of steel, he smoothed his hands over it as he quoted something from that pretty poem, "Janet's Hair."

"The tint of gold is in your hair to-day, the old sunny glimmer and glint that was there when you were a schoolma'am, tripping across the meadow to the little brown house among the hazel-bushes," said he, as he leaned over and touched his cheek to my forehead.

There was magnetism in his gentlest touch—there always was. My low sobs died away and I sat soothed and still, watching the figures in the carpet.

If the mind is fully occupied there is no room for sorrow to enter, or, if entering, to abide.

Should I not put in practice what I had always preached?

In the afternoon I slipped on my hat and shawl and walked out to drive away the blues. I didn't care where I went. I walked pretty fast, down the lane, over the hill, round the old meadow, then I turned and went over the railroad bridge and down the track, perhaps a quarter of a mile. A piece of a letter had blown, with some brown oak leaves, into a corner of the culvert, and as I stood meditating how to cross it the chirography of the mutilated missive caught my eye. It was a woman's writing, and I picked it up and wiped the dust off with my handkerchief, and glanced at it with interest. Not a word was spelled wrong, the punctuation was proper, the penmanship very beautiful—an easy, graceful, flowing hand. The letter began: "My darling husband." She told how long it had been since she had heard from him; how eagerly she watched every day's mail; how badly she needed money; that she had not sat down even to a tolerably satisfying meal for a week; that rumors touching his fidelity had come to her, but they were utterly false, she knew they were; told how much she loved him and missed him, and feared that he was sick, perhaps among strangers; that abject poverty and a crust with him was preferable to this suspense; all this, linked together with endearing titles, and then the rest of the letter was gone.

I looked along the track, up and down, picked the dead leaves carefully away from the ends of the heavy ties and sought in every corner of the culvert for the other half of the letter, but found it not. I longed to know the name of the poor wife that I might address her one word of comfort, but my search was not rewarded.

I thought of my faithful Dick, of whom no meddlesome tongue could speak unkindly, of whose fidelity no one could hint, whose money was mine to spend without even giving an account of, who provided square meals and good clothing, who wrote me every day when absent, and my sympathy went out freely to this wife who sorrowed in secret over a recreant husband, whose tears fell unseen save by Him who notes even the sparrow's fall.

I walked on thoughtfully. As I turned the curve I met old Granny Meredith, led by her little grandson.

The old lady has been blind for twenty-three years. She can knit almost as well as ever, and she lives with her married son and does nearly all the knitting for the whole neighborhood.

"How are you to-day, auntie?" I said, as I shook her old, blue-veined hand.

Her face brightened up charmingly as she answered: "Proper well; proper well, I thank you. I was just a-telling Cephas, here, that what the good Lord took away from my eyes He had made up to my hands; bless His holy name! You see, miss, since the 'leventh o' last Janiuary, I've knit with my own hands forty-nine pair o' socks, eighteen pair o' stockin's, and heeled and toed ever so many, ever so many, without even countin' what I did for 'Riah's family. Why, I've aimed 'nough to start a pretty decent grocery," and here the heartsome old creature laughed quite gleefully and her blessed old face shone as though it was anointed with the oil of gladness.

"Oh, I'm glad to see you so happy!" said I, and I felt a moisture dimming my eyes.

"I'll be seventy-seven year old the third day of next month," she said, as we parted.

I looked after her as she turned the curve. Her shoes were big and hard and didn't fit her poor little feet, her gown was scant, and had been turned bottom up and wrong side out, the kerchief about her bowed shoulders was dim from frequent washings, and her sun-bonnet flapped and flared and did not serve to protect her head. But her soul was sound and sweet, and her speech was full of good cheer.

I thought, "If I complain now, surrounded with all the blessings and comforts of life, what would I do if I were in her place, dependent on others for every step I took; the light of the sun turned into darkness, and my way hedged up so completely. At this present rate, no one could live with me."

While I stood looking after Auntie Meredith, I saw two women coming across the swamp just below the railroad. One of them carried two wooden pails and the other carried a bundle and a little, weazen-faced yearling, its bare, red legs hanging dangling, while it clutched the woman tightly around her neck.

I was just miserable enough to stand and stare at them listlessly. The elderly woman, who was, perhaps, fifty-five years old, crossed the swamp with much difficulty, clambered up the steep bank of the railroad, out of breath, put down her pails and, looking back at the younger woman, called out pleasantly: "Just you stand still, Bessie, where you are, and I'll come and help you across. You can never get over with Bun and that pack, too. The mud is powerful treacherous like; you'd think your footing was safe, and all to onct you'd begin to sink right down into the mire."

I took a step forward and sat down beside the two pails on a stick of timber that was meant for the new bridge.

When they had toiled up the steep bank, the elder one carrying the baby, I said: "Sit down,

please, you deserve a good resting spell now." They both smiled and sat down respectfully.

I chanced to look at the poor, little, sunburnt baby, and, starting up with horror, I said: "Do fix its poor feet! you have placed it very uncomfortably on your lap; see there!"

One foot was turned sidewise and the other clear around with its heel in front.

"Oh, miss, that's nothing mor'n happens all the time. You see, it was born that way, more's the pity, Lord love it! Its feet hang every way, an' it don't know it nor don't feel it. It is dead from the spine of its back to the very tips of its precious, little, cold toes. I forget what the doctor calls it, some big word 'at's all Choctaw to humble folks like us. She'll never walk a step, poor Bunny! I could die for the dear child to make it right like other babies are. It's blessed legs! they're cold all the time, an' if a pin happens to stick 'em she never cries out, not a whine of it, s'pose she don't feel the hurt. She's Aunt Becky's little prince, so she is; an' aunt loves it more nor she can tell, so she does!" said the poor, old, tender, loving, unselfish woman, gathering the little midge up to her bosom, clasping her convulsively and raining the kisses down on its little scrawny neck, and ears, and cheeks, and the pallid wee month, that looked old enough to be a grandmother's wise mouth, speaking only discreet words.

I thought of my own baby, my little Hugh, and my heart was touched tenderly.

We sat and talked, perhaps fifteen minutes, and then the younger said: "Come, Becky, we're rested now, and we must get round in time to have poor Jim's supper ready."

And they were happy. This was their story: There were five in the family. The father was an old soldier of the War of 1812. He was very old and frail, and stricken with poverty. Becky was his daughter and Jim was his son, and the young woman and the Bun-baby were Jim's wife and child.

They could barely make a living. Jim worked at his trade, stone-mason, and the women gathered berries, caught fish and sold peas, beans, cucumbers, radishes, melons, and dug potatoes for farmers, hoed corn, bound after the reaper, and went out to clean house, make garden and do washings.

How hard it did seem that the little princess Bun, the glory of their lowly cottage, the light of their eyes and the joy of their hearts, should be so fearfully and hopelessly crippled for life! Yet they did not murmur, but went on loving her more and more.

As they rose and walked on toward the village, I looked after them, and almost hated my ugly self. Poor creatures! the two pairs were full of elderberries, for which they would get only three cents a quart; the package the young wife carried was a little bunch of fresh-water clams in the shells. They were for the young doctor's wife, and would square the account between them. He had given them a vial of paregoric a fortnight before for princess Bun when she couldn't sleep for the pain that was like no other pain, the

aching cold of her dead, white limbs. The poor, poor baby!

How good the swinging bucket looked over at the Widow Seymour's old well! I climbed the low fence and went into the back yard for a good drink. She was sitting at the window crying. I came upon her so suddenly that she had no time to escape or even hide her tear-swollen eyes. I was embarrassed less than she was.

"Oh, dear, mis, now that you catched me a-crying, I might as well own up and tell you the truth," said she. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! that I should live to see this day! My boy that I nussed, and carried in my arms, and who has slept on my bosom. Oh, my little darling Tom, that I could 'a' died for. Oh! to-day—he—called me—an—ill name! Oh, my heart will break! it will break! You see, he's got to goin' in bad company—goes with them Harvey boys and the Warrens—and they all went off and had a spree and were 'rested and taken 'fore the squire and fined, and when I talked to Tom in a gentle, motherly way about it, he called me ill names and told me to go to the bad place. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it will kill me!"

Poor old mother! I told her that there was time enough for her misguided boy to mend his ways, and that he would say bitter things that he did not mean, while he was under the influence of liquor. My well-meant words comforted her, but the delicious draught from the old oaken bucket was robbed of its charm—it did not taste good because that poor, sorrowing face was before me all the time, framed in by the morning-glory vines about the window. An unkind, thankless child can rob a mother's life of all enjoyment.

Just in the edge of the village live the Hayes family. I had to pass by the door, and everything looked so tidy that, though we were strangers, I paused and leaned on the little wicket-gate to admire the trim door-yard. It had always been as bare as a board, but the Hayes had moved there and forthwith the very door-yard began to smile.

They had put down green sod, and set out pines and cedars, and planted pinks and dahlias, and trimmed up the ragged snow-ball and lilac, and pruned the sprawling old Catawba, and planted vines in the stumps and beside the rocks, and coaxed the trumpet-vine into shape, and tied the gnarled, knobby thing up to a rude cross, and really, the little Dutch woman had wrought wonders.

I had never met her, but I knew the woman who wore two pale almond flowers on the side of her hat, at church, was Mrs. Hayes.

Presently she came to the door and invited me in. I thanked her, and took possession of the rocking-chair by the south window. They were very poor people, but everything was neat and clean. A pale-faced little boy sat on one end of a rude lounge playing with his kitten, while three girls, older, were busy, one peeling potatoes, one watering her house-plants and the other carefully ripping an old sheet, preparatory to putting it together again with the half-worn edges outside.

After we had talked awhile, I said: "You lived over at the Dell before you came here, did you not?"

"Oh, no, I lived only a few miles from old Philadelphia," was the reply; and then she looked down at the worn toe of her gaiter, and said: "Hayes and I lived apart for five years before I came here."

"Oh, I am very sorry," I said, apologetically, "that I asked such a question. I thought you were the family who lived at the Dell, where Annie Hullem boarded when she taught school."

"No harm, Mis," she said, modestly. "It's all right now 'twixt me and my husband. You see I'm his second wife, and the grandmother and maiden aunts of the children turned them against me, and I stood it just as long as I could before I gave up. Oh, it was terrible, my trouble was! The children got so they'd call me ugly names, and wouldn't mind; and he kind o' took their part, and it nearly killed me. I loved the children, and if they'd been let alone they would have been good to me. At last one night I cried myself to sleep up in the garret, and when I waked up I had a feeling in my mind that I'd better run away. I stole out, and went about fifty miles off, and hired out to work in a good family. After I'd been there five years they found me out, and he came and begged on his bended knees for me to forgive 'em; and I did, and went with him, and we took the youngest children and came out here. We are poor, dear knows; but with what he earns at his trade, and what I earn at the wash-tub and from coarse sewing, we make a very good living. I mean that the children shall have good learning, anyhow."

Just then the eldest girl came up to her mother and caught her round the neck, and hugged her like a young bear would. The poor woman smiled, and patted the little girl, and the expression in her blue eyes was really beautiful, and full of a language that did me as much good as it did the child.

When I rose to leave, I told the woman I would remember the needs of her family in the fall when I looked over our stock of winter clothing.

The pale-faced little boy piped out, as shrilly as a life: "'F you've any little stockin's, you must 'member me, 'cause I aint got none, and my feet most freeze to death when I'm to quarterly meetin'."

I assured him that I would do so.

Why, how the crosses multiplied! Everybody I met carried one! There was a thorn in every one's side, a pebble in every one's shoe, a pain in every one's heart.

I thought of this as I walked slowly homewards through the village. My troubles were the merest thistle-down compared to the trials of others. I met a dozen or more of my neighbors on my way home whose crosses I was familiar with. One had a sick wife who would not permit him to leave her bedside; another had a cancer on his breast, and a death of slow torture stood menacing him in the distance. One loved his children dearly, but no love was returned from out their selfish hearts. One eked out a scanty living at basket-making; another fought the wolf from her door by a patient plodding at her loom. One was involved in debt, and knew that the inevitable

crash must surely come in the years that were a-nigh; another was bereft of his companion, and without her safe counsel and excellent advice was like a man at sea without sail or rudder. One who had not cared tenderly for her reputation, now carried a blackened, blighted name; and another was the victim of wily lawyers and heartless, designing men, who had robbed him of all his worldly means. One was poor and sick, and barely made a living; another, beside him, was rich, and selfish, and avaricious, and had his fingers on every man's throat if he owed him a dollar. One was wedded to a man whose aspirations were low, and coarse, and sordid, while she was cultured and refined; he revelled in pork and beans, while she loved poetry, and music, and oratory. One was held down in the stern grip of poverty, and the very excellence of life was just out of his reach, while beside him walked his neighbor, hollow-eyed and cadaverous, all the bloom of his existence burned out by a cankering secret that was rank and fatal poison.

As I reached home, I saw Dick leaning on the gate that he held open waiting for my return. The expression in his eyes was a question that my own eyes answered, before their gaze fell abashed to the ground at his feet.

"You've been counting your blessings, little one," he said, as he took my hand in his, kissed it as though it were a pretty little toy, and then drew it through his arm, and together we crossed the sacred threshold of our blessed home. My fit of the blues was cured by comparing my own with MY NEIGHBORS' CROSSES.

## CHILDREN.

LET children grow. Give them time for slow and natural development. Give them freedom and liberty in things not positively and permanently hurtful. What matter if all their daily behavior is not quite pleasant or perfect, if they show improvement and progress? Sow good seed, anxious parent; cultivate with care, but wait patiently for harvest if you wish good fruit. Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at table; suppose a cup or tumbler does slip through its little fingers, the food below be deluged, and the table-cloth ruined—do not look cross, and break out with reproof of what was unintended as if it were a wilful wrong. Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers? Instead of sending the child away in anger, or with threatening words, why not be as generous as to a guest, to whom you would kindly say, "It is of no consequence." It is generally wise to take little notice of mishaps or bad behavior at the time, and even to divert attention from them at the instant. Afterward, at some appropriate time, draw the child's attention to the impropriety, fault, or lack of suitable care, and point out kindly the remedy.

THERE is a time when thou mayest say nothing, and a time when thou mayest say something; but there never will be a time when thou shouldst say all things.



## STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

**S**OUTH-WESTWARD, through the heart of England, flows the Avon, until it unites its waters with the Severn, at Tewkesbury, and together they go on to join the Bristol Channel. It flows through the counties of Warwick and Worcester, crossing a pleasant, fertile country, with rounded hills, green fields and pastures and old forests.

Various historical associations cluster around its neighborhood. Coventry lies upon one of its affluents. Here it was, the story tells us, that Lady Godiva rode naked round the town, to free it from some imposts laid on it by her husband. Here also is the scene of Shakspeare's "Richard II." The phrase, "to send to Coventry," probably originated in the fact that at one time the citizens of Coventry had such a dislike for soldiers, that a woman seen talking to one, became at once an

eight miles south-west of the town of Warwick. It is a small town of less than four thousand inhabitants with a modern aspect, and doing a prosperous business in corn and malt. There is little of the look of romance or even historical interest, about the place, as nearly all of the old houses have disappeared; but hither enthusiastic pilgrims flock from all parts of the world. For Stratford-upon-Avon was the birthplace of Shakspeare. The house in which he was born, a most antiquated structure, is still preserved. The parish register, containing records of his baptism on the 26th of April, 1564, and of his marriage to Anne Hathaway, nineteen years later, on the 28th of November, 1582, of the baptism of a daughter, May 26th, 1583, and of twins, February 2d, 1585, is still preserved.

In the free grammar school of Stratford, young Shakspeare probably received his entire educa-



CHURCH AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

object of public scandal. Among soldiers, the phrase, "to send a man to Coventry," was synonymous with debarring him from society. Kenilworth, a stronghold in Queen Elizabeth's time, and made famous in Walter Scott's novel of the same name, is not far distant from the Avon. The ancient town of Warwick, containing, among other objects of interest, the principal residence of the earls of Warwick, Warwick Castle, the towers of which date back as far as the fourteenth century, stands upon its banks. Tewkesbury, at the junction of the Avon and Severn, is a town of Saxon origin, and it was near here that was fought the famous Battle of Tewkesbury, May 14th, 1471, in which the Yorkists, under Edward IV. and Richard III., defeated the Lancastrians.

But the interest which attaches to this region concentrates at Stratford-upon-Avon, situated on the southern borders of Warwickshire, and about

tion. Whether that was much or little, there seems to be a difference of opinion. His friend Ben Jonson speaks of him as having "small Latin and less Greek." Here, tradition tells us, his education being completed at the age of fourteen, he served an apprenticeship to a butcher; and we are informed that "when he killed a calf, the poetry of his nature prompted him to ennoble the operation, by doing it in a high style, and making a speech." There is also a tradition that for some years, previous to his departure for London, he engaged in the occupation of a school-master in Stratford.

About three or four years after his marriage, Shakspeare went to London, where he remained in various capacities, until he was able to return and settle himself as a substantial country gentleman in his native town. The last years of his life were spent peacefully and in honor in Stratford-



upon-Avon, exercising a liberal and kindly hospitality. His death occurred on his fifty-third birthday, on the 23d of April, 1616. The remains of the great poet are laid in the parish church, a beautiful structure of Gothic architecture, which stands upon the banks of the Avon, nearly embowered in trees.

### A STORY OF STARCH.

**S**TARCH; but starch nearly three hundred years ago—not the starch of the period, that you see advertised everywhere. In fact, the first introduction of starch into England, where it came from, how it was established, and how it grew fashionable; with a little love, a little jealousy, the whole to be concluded by a most happy marriage.

Nearly three hundred years ago takes us into the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and it is known to historians that this reign was not only a great period for wars and truces, for continental double-dealing and religious intrigue, but that fashion, dress, and such like frivolities flourished throughout the land.

And so the excellent John Stowe, who had made his fortune as a tailor and a silk mercer, one day stuck his needle for the last time into its cushion, and, taking up his pen instead, became the serious and useful chronicler of the important trifles of the day. His history is more valuable than a work in which more important circumstances would be better told; the *sartorial* point of view which he adopts, and from which he surveys the fashionable world all round him, gives his book the interest at once of a history and a novel. His information is all from the most reliable sources, about the most important personages, but the things that he tells us might seem in themselves trivial and undignified.

It was, as I have said, a great time for fashion and magnificent attire. Edward de Vere, Marquess of Oxford, had just returned from Italy, and had appeared at Court with garments of perfumed leather, that were the envy and despair of other courtiers; he had presented the queen with a pair of scented amber gloves, adorned with four rosettes of colored silk, and Elizabeth was so delighted at the gift that she had her portrait taken with both gloves on. The peculiar scent of these gloves was known everywhere as Marquess of Oxford Perfume.

Now, one evening there came to Stowe's house near Temple Bar a young girl from Flanders, who brought letters of introduction to the Court tailor, in which he was requested to do what he could for this young stranger, whom it was hoped he might take as apprentice. Miss Dinghen van den Plasse was both well-born and good-looking, and it would seem that Stowe was very well satisfied with what she had to say, and really befriended her and put her in the way of making her livelihood.

In the meantime the bright-eyed little maiden lived near his house, and every afternoon the tailor would pay his visit and give her accounts of the wonders of the fashionable world, with

which his art made him so familiar. Miss Dinghen showed little respect for all these mysteries, and especially mocked at the cosmetics and oils and paints with which the beauties of that day did not scruple to assist nature. It was in vain that Stowe taught her how to prepare and warm wine, "to be applied to the cheeks so as to give them a lovely tint;" this was a universal practice of those days, and in the "Illustrations of British History" you will find a complaint of the great quantity of wine which Mary Queen of Scots used for that purpose, and how the Marquess of Shrewsbury, who was her governor (*i. e.*, jailor), demanded on that score an increase of allowance. The checks of Miss Dinghen needed no such assistance, and she only laughed at the poor Court tailor, and chuckled over a little secret which she would take her own time to bring forth and to make known.

Can you at all fancy the scene and the period? In the morning poor Stowe, whose heart is breaking for this little pert beauty, calls one of his apprentices, loads him with pieces and remnants of the most lovely taffetas, silks, sarsenets, etc., and followed by the boy struts forth, full of his own dignity and importance, to the precincts of the Court, or it may be to the Palace itself; as he passes under a certain window which he is sure to pass, he kisses his hand to the little beauty upstairs, and she glances down archly at him, and gives back the salute. Then she returns to her room, and leisurely and daintily proceeds with a bewildering toilette.

Poor Stowe by this time has reached the end of his journey—London distances were not then so great—and is in the most intimate conversation with courtiers and politicians; it may be that his measuring-tape is passing over the heart of the great Lord Burleigh. Poor Stowe! may the pride of the tailor support the trials of the man.

Miss Dinghen, in the meantime, has completed her attire, and she too passes under Temple Bar. The gossips and old maids of the neighborhood admire the beauty of her collars and cuffs, their brightness, their whiteness, their sit; and if the women can admire the dress of the little foreigner, the men can admire also. Where lasses are fair, many lovers are found.

In the evening poor Stowe will return, and will tell her of the adventures of the day—what this lord has bought, and what that lord has ordered, of the visit of the queen to Kenilworth Castle, and all the rumors and gossip about the Earl of Leicester; but the heart of the little beauty is not in these things, and the more Court news he tells her the more restless and *ennuyée* she becomes.

Now, near Temple Bar, and not far from Stowe's house, there lived at that very time a needy man of letters named Edge; his works made no noise then, and are now only known to antiquarians and book-worms. They consist entirely of satires on the fashions and luxury of the period; Edge was, in fact, the Baxter of his time, and his sarcasms are nearly as sharp and as outspoken as his successor's. He was young, fair, interesting-looking, and, as the chronicler shortly puts it, "Miss Dinghen saw him, and he was pleasing unto her." Unfortunately, marriage lay in the

distance. He lived, or rather starved, in a garret; she was but a dressmaker's apprentice. Marriage in such a case would only mean misery, and as she realized this, she thought more and more over the secret which she had brought with her from Flanders, and set her mind to see how she might turn it to advantage.

There was to be a great ball given at the Queen's Palace, and Edge contrived to get an admission for himself and his friend.

The Lord Chamberlain's Office existed in those days, but his duties were not so strict. Edge borrowed an orange doublet and a Spanish cape, so as to conduct Miss Dinghen to the ball with fitting dignity.

It is difficult to imagine a more unhappy figure than that which the man of letters presented in the midst of all this gaiety; he interrupted the dances, he stood on the ladies' dresses, and drove his spurs into the long velvet trains. He had often satirised all this frivolous magnificence, and now he hated it more and more.

At last he got into a corner where he might watch without being much in the way. From this coign of vantage he could see all the dancers, and amongst them his lady-love, attended by a masked cavalier, whose bearing and dress was more splendid than that of all the other courtiers. He watched her treading through all the intricate measures of that Court minuet; there was a presence and *aplomb* about her dancing that he could not but admire, that every one admired. All the courtiers crowded round the dance and praised the beautiful foreigner.

It was more than poor jealous Edge could bear; tired, jealous and angry, he left the ball and hurried to his garret near Temple Bar; but even at home he could find no peace. He paced up and down the wretched room. He told himself over and over again that he had no cause to be angry. He remembered how trusting and confiding she had been to him; how she had come upon him in his great poverty and despair, like a vision, like a messenger from another sphere; what hope she had given him in his hopeless work. The days had been less dreary for him lately, and the future days were to be more cheerful.

He looked round at the wretched furniture, and his quick eye detected her hand in a thousand little trifles. She had been with him that morning to arrange about the ball. He remembered all her expectation and delight; how she had selected his dress for him, and described to him her own; how she had insisted on arranging the frills and cuffs and collar that, with the orange doublet and Spanish cape, were to transform him into a courtier. And then she had come in the evening, bringing the frills with her, so beautifully stiff and white that he, who did not much notice such things, had noticed these; and then she had told him that this stiffening and this whitening was her own secret, and was one day to make both him and her rich and well-to-do; and when he had asked her what this mighty secret was, she had tossed up her head so coaxingly that he was quite content never to find it out, if only he might still ask, and she might so refuse.

The more he thought over all these things, the more he felt that he had been wrong, and weak, and foolish in his conduct. Why should she not enjoy the ball as the others did? The room was full of dancers—the people went to dance—he had himself taken her there; when he had first spoken of it to her, she had told him what a delight it would be.

"What pleasure to dance again one time!" she had said, in her broken English.

And then she had told him of the customs of her own country, and half consciously, half unconsciously, had swept round the room in a mazy swirl of dance, and came up before him with the most bewildering little curtsey. He was not angry with her then, nor did she seem vain, frivolous, light-hearted.

Poor Edge thought over all these things sorrowfully enough, and then resolved that he would put on again the orange doublet and the Spanish cape, and return to seek her at the ball.

It was now early morning, and it was in the spring of the year. Over the low gables of the houses and the stunted towers of St. Paul's the sun was all golden in a red sky. The orchards that stretched from the houses in the Strand down to the banks of the river were a mass of white color, for the pear-trees were all in bloom, and the cherry-trees in bud. The day was just prevailing over the night, and the air was chill and cold as Edge strolled along.

It was, perhaps, as much from habit as from intention that he turned a little out of his direct road, and passed up her street; but it was not from habit that he suddenly drew back and hid himself in one of the deep doorways of the opposite house, for just at that moment he saw advancing towards him Miss Dinghen, in full talk, her face all lit up with animation; and by her side, listening to her so attentively, came that same masked cavalier whose dress and bearing and appearance had made the poor author so jealous at the ball.

Edge crept closer in by the protecting doorway, and watched. He saw them pass up the street and down it again, and stop for a few moments opposite her door, and then he saw her speaking very eagerly; and, last, she pushed open the door and walked up the stairs, followed by the cavalier.

Then poor Edge crept from his hiding-place, and walked up and down the street—up and down it, with the bright sun beating fiercely upon him. The workmen were going to their labors in the early morning, and chafed and jeered that ill-fated orange doublet. The whole city was waking from its sleep, heavy wagons rolled along the Strand, and the river was alive with gay barges and wherries; still poor Edge paced up and down the street, always keeping in view the one hall-door.

At last the door opened, and the cavalier stepped forth alone. He was still masked, so that his face could not be recognized, and he walked boldly up the street, and Edge followed him. What should he do? His sword hung at his side, and he neither wanted skill nor courage for its use, and here was

this cavalier walking in front of him in the open street. He wanted no more proof; he had proof enough; he had too much proof. He had himself seen them together at the ball—seen them together coming from the ball—seen her and him go together up the staircase. What more proof did he need? It was easy to pick a quarrel in those days. The street was open, and both men were armed.

What should he do?

And then, while he still followed his rival, his thoughts went back to her; he had loved her so deeply, so truly, so entirely; he had given himself up to this one passion. Life had been up to this a struggle, and a struggle in which he had always been worsted, always been beaten. And then when he knew her came hope for him and a fair prospect; and youth, which had slipped away from him, scared by incessant disappointment and defeat, had half returned.

As poor George Edge thought of all this, his heart hardened to her, and the old love died within him; and once more he asked himself what he should do. One thing was certain—he would not quarrel with this masked dandy, who was stalking along so victoriously in front of him; that he determined on at once. She was not worth it—she did not deserve the love of an honest man. But she should know what she had lost. He would go direct to her house and tell her all he had seen, all he knew; he, at least, would not be fooled by her again.

So he turned sharply round and quickly retraced his steps, and was in her street again. He pushed the unlatched door open and went up the staircase, and turned the handle and stood within the room.

Her face was from the door. She was sitting at a table, folding something into a parcel; it must have been something very delicate, for she bent over it and carefully creased the paper that was to contain it, and spoke to him without even looking up.

"Why," she said, "how soon you are come back! I did not expect you for yet a half-hour."

He stood at the door and did not answer her.

"But you have brought them with you, I hope; you have brought them with you, have you not?"

Then she looked up and she saw him there. "O George, George!" she said, "you have come to me!" and she started up from the chair and ran to him, and threw her arms round his neck.

But he thrust her from him; his face was very stern and cruel. She was frightened at his look.

"What is the matter, George?" she said; "what has happened?"

"What has happened!"—and his voice was very hard—"what has happened! Only something very trifling. Quite an every-day occurrence, dear; it has happened that you have trifled with my love, that you have fooled me—as your precious sex fool us all—robbed me, swindled me, stolen from me the only thing that poverty and wretchedness had respected; and it has also happened that I have found it all out, and known it before it was too late. Miserable that I am, I have found that you are not worthy of me!"

Then she turned slowly from him, and moved across the room, and caught at the chair for support, and half-slipped, half-fell into it, and bending over the table buried her face in her hands.

The sun came blazing in through the window, chequering the gray walls of the room with little squares of light and shadow; outside, the birds were hopping and pecketing about in the trees, and a pert blackbird, with a golden bill, was shrilling out the clearest-toned whistle, as if no other blackbird, or thrush, or golden oriole, or sober-colored nightingale, could approach him in song; and between the pauses of that song came the rumbling of the coaches and the distant hum of the city.

For a moment he stood at the door, not knowing what he should do, but looking at her. "What an actress she is!" he thought.

A great actress indeed, if that were acting, for her eyes were all red, and her bosom rose and fell, and throb, throb, throb went the little beating heart. She could not speak, she could not cry, but there she sat, bending over the table, her face buried in her hands.

And he stood at the door, still looking at her. How he hated and despised himself! This was indeed a manly thing that he had done. He had seen his rival strutting about through the town, and he had followed him. He knew he was armed; they were both armed; but he did not turn and face him, as he ought to have done, and strike him as he ought to have struck—as a man would have struck. No, he had let the gallant escape, and then he had traced his own steps back to her house, forced his way into her room, and when she came so softly and gently to welcome him, he had insulted and spurned her.

All these thoughts passed through his mind in a moment—while the blackbird was calling to his mate across the garden wall—and then he looked at her again, sitting so still, so desolate, in the middle of the room. "Poor little thing!" he thought—for hate was dying out of his mind, and in its place had come pity. And with pity came also that other feeling which we know is akin to it.

You see she was so young, so inexperienced, so fragile. All his associations with her were of sunshine and happiness—he had never seen a shadow across that little face that used to beam upon him so joyously, so ingenuously. What should she know of grief or sorrow? Hate had, indeed, died out of his mind, and in its place had come pity, and with pity had come love.

So he walked half-way up to her chair.

"Julie," he said, "I have been very wrong and I very cruel—"

But when she heard his voice the long-suppressed grief burst forth, and the tears that would not flow came quickly now, and the words came quickly, too, and sobbing so piteously.

"Oh, what have I done?" she said, "what have I done?"

Then he went up to her and lifted her from the chair, and took her in his arms; her long, yellow hair had slipped away from the ribbons which held it in, and was all tossed and tumbled over

her eyes; but he pushed the yellow hair aside, and holding the little face between his hands, long and longingly looked at it. He was a tall, handsome man, broad-shouldered and brave to look upon, and he held her in his arms as you might hold a little child. She did not resist, she did not try to resist, but when she felt the tears rising again she drooped her head down and pressed it against him.

Then he spoke to her and comforted her, and told her of all the cruel things he had thought, and how he had distrusted her and hated her, but that distrust was never to come between them again.

And as they sat there at the open window they heard a step on the staircase, and there came a tap at the door, and, to the astonishment of Edge, in walked the cavalier of the ball. He was soberly dressed now, and with his mask off did not appear a very formidable rival. Miss Dinghen rose and welcomed him.

"George," she said, "this is Mr. Stowe, who brought me from the ball last night, when you ran away from me. I want you to be very kind to him, for he has been very kind to me."

Then Edge bowed, and Stowe bowed. Poor Stowe! he saw it all in a glance—indeed it did not require a very clever person to see it all, but though Stowe was not very clever he was very good, and he soon showed his goodness. He seemed to know all her affairs—even that wonderful secret which she had been on the point of telling her lover already—and he declared that now was the time to bring it forth and to put it into operation. This day he told her was St. Luke's day, the patron of tailors, and he was on his way to Lord Leicester with a splendid suit of clothes, a present for the favorite; and he recommended her to put up in his parcel, which his lad was carrying, the best of those wonderful collars and cuffs, in which both he and she had such faith.

Then Miss Dinghen went into the next room and brought from it STARCH, and taking up one of her collars commenced ironing, and creasing, and puckering, and goffering it—I suppose very much as they do in the present day. Edge thought it was a wonderful sight when he saw it completed, and Stowe, packing it carefully in the top of the box, went forth upon his adventure.

The rest of the story may be very shortly told. The earl was delighted with the new doublet, and when he heard the story of the ruff, brought it to the queen. The queen was delighted with the ruff, and when she heard the story sent for Miss Dinghen; and when Miss Dinghen told her story, the queen, who was a romantic kind of woman, sent for Edge and commanded him—under pain of losing his head—to make immediate arrangements for his marriage, which Edge (being a loyal subject) accordingly did.

But whether they lived happily together or not, as the chronicler is silent on the subject, is left entirely to the judgment of the readers.

ADVERSITY overcome, is the highest glory; and willingly undergone, the greatest virtue; sufferings are but the trial of gallant spirits.

VOL. XLV.—10.

## NATURAL FLY-TRAPS.

IT is well known that certain plants act as natural fly-traps, and cause the death of the unhappy insects who fall into their clutches. The American Venus' Fly-trap is familiar to most of us, either from books or from actual inspection. But it may not be so generally understood that certain ingenious persons have proposed to turn to practical account this peculiarity. Thunberg, indeed, tells us that at the Cape a species of *Roridula*, a plant allied to our sundews, is hung up in country houses for the purpose of catching flies. It was, however, reserved for a Belgian botanist to advocate the cultivation in our drawing-rooms of a plant which is handsome in itself, and an admirable fly-trap; but, with all due respect for the ingenuity of the suggestion, we doubt whether flowers to which struggling flies are attached, without any chance of escape, would be the most pleasant ornaments for a room. As we are told that a horticulturist at Liege grows it in large quantities, and that "*une belle plante en pot*" costs only a franc, we may suppose that the plan finds favor among our Belgian friends.

The plant is known to botanists as *Apocynum androsaemifolium*, or Dogbane, and is common in many parts of the United States. It was introduced in English gardens as long ago as 1783, and being perfectly hardy and very ornamental, it seems remarkable that it should not have become more generally cultivated. It grows to the height of two feet, and bears very numerous pink bell-shaped flowers, in which is the remarkable arrangement which has caused the advocacy of the plant for fly-destroying purposes. Dr. Darwin, in the *Botanic Garden*, gives an explanation of this which is scarcely correct; but Curtis, a year or two later, figured and described it very accurately. The five anthers converge into a kind of cone, meeting though not adhering at the top, and being below a slight distance apart. Inside these is the stigma, which exudes a viscid honey-like liquid. The flies, attracted by this, insert their proboscides into the lowermost and widest part of the slit between each pair of anthers, pushing them upwards; and, when satisfied, instead of drawing them out in the same direction downwards, vary their position, and pull the proboscides upwards into the narrow part of the slit. Here they become firmly fixed, and pulling is of no avail; so the poor insects usually perish miserably; pointing a striking moral to those who rashly engage in pleasure without first "counting the cost."

How it is that the "march of intellect"—which, as Mr. Darwin shows us, affects not only man, but the whole animal world—has not shown the unfortunate flies some means of escape, or suggested to them the expediency of drawing out their trunks in the same direction in which they inserted them, it is difficult to say.

A yet more remarkable fly-trap, and one which is actually in use in California for the purpose of catching flies, is the California Pitcher-plant, or *Darlingtonia*, which appears to be admirably contrived for effecting this object. Mr. Robinson describes the surface inside the pitcher as being



smooth for a little way down; then isolated hairs appear; and soon the chamber becomes densely lined with needle-like hairs, all pointing downwards. These hairs are very slender, transparent and about a quarter of an inch long, but have a needle-like rigidity, and are perfectly colorless. "The poor flies, moths, ladybirds, etc., seem to travel down these conveniently arranged stubbles, but none seem to turn back. The pitcher, which may be a couple of lines wide at the top, narrows very gradually, and at its base is about a line in diameter. Here, and for some little distance above this point, the vegetable needles of course converge, and the unhappy fly goes on till he finds his head against the firm, thick bottom of the cell, and his rear against myriads of bayonets; and here he dies. Very small creatures fill up the narrow base, and above them larger ones densely pack themselves to death in the hope of fighting their way out." There is often a thick, reddish juice at the bottom of these pitchers, which may probably be attractive to insects; but whether any benefit accrues to the plant from their entrapment is not ascertained.

Lastly, so far as our present notice is concerned, a German writer has made the discovery that *Dracena paniculata* kills flies, especially when the plant stands several feet from a window. The dead flies hang to the under-side of the leaf, which shows a regard for tidiness highly creditable to them. On the whole, however, we do not think that any of our floral fly-traps are likely to come into general use, so we must for the present be content to endure philosophically the annual incursion of the small marauders.

### THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

BY S. J. JONES.

THE night was long and dark; the clouds that drifted

Across the dim horizon—black-winged fleets—

Proclaimed not yet the somber veil uplifted

From the glad gate where light with beauty meets.

The dawn delayed, and sweet, soft slumber, courted,

Fled coyly far away and hid her eyes,

While Pain, stern watcher, with his pulses sported,  
And Sorrow stole his breath in burdened sighs.

The past came floating through his chamber, lighted

With ghostly torches of the days of yore—

Torches that came like heav'n lights, when benighted,

He groped in vain to find his prison's door.

To-night, the darkness palpable, outlasted,  
The glim'ring light, and made black shadows rest

Upon the wrecks of aspirations, blasted  
Ere yet fruition came to crown them blest.

He hid his face and wept. "Oh, youth's fair vision,

Gilded with hope, made glad with promise, say;

What canst thou show of the success elysian  
That was to glorify my life to-day?

Where is the canvas with its soulful real  
Thou shouldst have wrought, outliving life's  
own bloom?

The alabaster of my soul's ideal—

The enforming life that is not for the tomb?"

An angel swept across his cloud of sorrow,

And led him by the hand, above, away,

Beyond the confines where the bright to-morrow

Waited to ope the golden gates of day.

"Behold," the angel said, and all around him

The artist saw his treasured thoughts portrayed  
In deathless beauty; thoughts that long had bound  
him

With their sweet bonds; he gazed entranced,  
dismayed;

The germ paternal in his soul outerying:

"Oh, why another? why not I as well?

Ah, wherefore must my burdened heart go sighing.

Heavy with beauty fate forbids to tell?

Why must my hands in irksome labor toiling

Day after day their hateful routine know?

While others seek the skies, its pinions soiling—

Why must my soul go delving here below?

"Why must my heart be ever thirsting, fasting—

Oh, wherefore?" But the angel whispered:

"Hush!

Know'st not the pictures most divine and lasting

Are not the work of pencil, color, brush?

That there are statues fairer than a vision,

Lacking the chill of rigid sculpture cold,

With living life which canvas cannot prison,

Nor dead embrace of chiseled marble hold?

"Behold thy work! thou knewst not in thy striving

Success was thine when thou didst seem to fail.

In love and patience, Heaven's own power divin-

ing,

Still anchored unto that within the veil.

Mar not its beauty by thy wrong desirings;

Bravely take up thy part, again begin.

Life thou mayst further crown with grand aspir-

ings;

Eternity is long enough to win."

### WHATSOEVER.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

OH, little child! that looks with your sweet eyes

Into my own, and asks of me the whys

That puzzle my own brain, I can but say,

Whatever is right, in God's own way.

And whatsoever sorrow mine to know

'Tis well, for the dear Lord hath willed it so;

My whatsoever could be only human good,

His whatsoever is divine, when understood.

And yet I feel that whatsoever good denied

My soul on earth, shall yet be satisfied;

Heaven's whatsoever will be rich and free,

And infinite and boundless as eternity.



OLD MARTIN BOSCAWEN'S JEST.\*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES,

Author of "Wearithorne,"

AND EMILY READ,

Author of "Aytoun," etc.

CHAPTER V.

The shine o' siller's  
The bonniest blink that his heart hath warmed.

"MR. BADGER has come down-stairs," says Madelon. "If you will come in through the kitchen, you are not likely to meet him; and I will run up-stairs, and tell Mr. Boscawen you are here."

They walk together across the court. Austell looks down into Madelon's face, and discovers that it is still flushed, and that her eyes are tearful.

"After all," he says, a little bitterly, "Louise is right, and you are hot-tempered."

"How is Louise?" asks Madelon.

She does not care to vindicate herself, and gladly remembers she has made no inquiry for his cousin.

"Louise is well. Roses having lost their novelty, she has taken to decking herself out with peonies and sunflowers."

Louise's love of floral decoration has long been a matter of joke with them, and Madelon knows how much of this report is to be believed.

"And your mother?"

"She is well, and sent her love to you. The big poplar by the geranium-hedge blew down last night, and I left her making a lament over it."

"The big poplar! Oh, I am so sorry!" Madelon cries, with real concern.

"It is far better away. The old tree has long been unsightly, though no one liked to order its execution."

"But I never remember the lawn without the tree. There will be one change when I go back. That is, if I ever do go back," she adds.

"Of course you will come back. What ever put the doubt into your head? Even if old Martin wants you, he can't live forever; and—"

"Miss Madelon, whatever did 'ee go and bring a strange young man here for, and you knowing the maister can't abide strangers?" Leah calls, now that they are within reach of her voice. And then she drops the towel in her hand, and exclaims in her astonishment: "If it ben't only Maister Austell!"

"And whom could you wish for—that you like better? You know you are glad to see me," Austell says, saucily. "And how are you, Aunt Leah, and how is the master?"

"Oh, the maister's brave enough, and I'm charming, thank 'ee, Maister Austell. And I'm always proud to lay eyes on you," Leah answers, blandly. "But still, I'd ha' been glad if so be you'd come some other time, when he"—indicating some one within doors, by a backward motion of her head—"as is sticking to the maister

like a limpet, were away. However, it can't be helped, and we must do the best we can."

"Where is Mr. Badger?" asks Madelon, lowering her voice as if she feared he might be within hearing.

"In the south parlor, at his victual. I hope they'll disagree with him," answers Leah, spitefully.

"Take care of Austell until I run up-stairs and tell Mr. Boscawen," Madelon says.

The south-parlor door is wide open, and Madelon's passing glance discovers Badger within, seated at his solitary meal. The high, deep-embossed windows let in but scant light save at full day, so that now the shutters are closed, and the table is lighted by two candles: a bit of extravagance to which Leah objects on the ground that if one knows the cook, one should eat with faith. Seth sees Madelon as she hurries past the door, and he calls to her; but she does not answer, and runs lightly up the stairs, in a fashion which she never expected to adopt here, on the day when she first groped her way down them.

"Are you there, Madelon?" old Martin's voice cries out, as she opens the door. "You need not be afraid, there is no one here to hurt you. Go down and tell Leah I am ready for my tea."

"Austell Boscawen is down-stairs, and he would like to come up and see you."

"Austell, is it? And he has come to see me? It is kind of him, vastly kind. I wonder how he knew I wanted him this very minute. Send him up, send him up. But for the life of you, don't let Seth know he is here. He'd spoil all the fun, you know."

"Don't be in such a hurry. Cannot you wait until the words are out of my mouth?" he resumes, as Madelon turns to go. "Eh, but it takes a young man to make a girl alert! You are slow enough on my errands. Tell Leah to keep the tea until Austell goes down. And you can stay down, too; and do you keep Seth in sight until he is off for Trescoe. I would like to know if he keeps his appetite with the errand he has before him. Now go. What are you waiting for?" testily, as she lingers to be sure that he has finished his instructions.

Madelon descends much more slowly than she ascended. She is in doubt as to the best method of conveying Austell up-stairs unseen by Seth Badger. There is but one staircase to this part of the house, and the way to it is past the south parlor. When she reaches that room, notwithstanding her promise to Austell not to have any unnecessary conversation with Seth Badger, she stops and asks politely if his dinner is to his taste.

"Heaven makes the provisions, and the devil the cooks," Seth quotes, sententiously. "The chicken is tender, but Leah has made rags of it. How Uncle Martin has lived so long, with such cooking, is a problem for the doctors to solve."

"Have you light enough, or do you want anything?" asks Madelon.

"Nothing but the light of your countenance. Confound the girl! She needn't fly off in that way! And she has shut the door after her. I wonder if she thought I'd take the trouble to

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

follow her? How musty and close these old rooms are!" grumbles Seth.

Meanwhile, Madelon speeds along the hall, and beckons to Austell, whom she conveys silently and safely past the south parlor door, and up-stairs to Mr. Boscawen's room. There she leaves him, and returns to Leah. She has not been a moment too soon, for she finds Badger there before her, conversing affably with the old servant.

"Pooh, pooh!" he is saying, cheerfully, "you will live to bury the old man yet. Rheumatism doesn't kill, if you *have* got a speck here and a splotch there, as you tell me. Why, you are just as tough and hardy—"

"Don't 'ee say so, Maister Seth—don't 'ee say so," interrupts Leah, deprecatingly, and putting out her hands as if to ward off a blow. "For there were Aaron Chygwin, he were always boasting he were tough and hard as St. Perran's grindstone, as he sailed across the sea on, you know, Maister Seth. And when the winter came, for all his boasting, the wet weather fell through him little by little, inch by inch. And where be he now? In the silent tombs!"

It is impossible to resist the intense solemnity of this peroration of Leah's; and for a moment Seth Badger is silent. His next speech has a personal interest for Madelon, who as yet has been seen by neither, and who has no desire to attract Badger's attention.

"Let me tell you, Leah," he says, "the old gentleman intends to do handsomely by you in his will. Not that that will do you much good, however; for if that girl who has just gone up-stairs stays here, she intends to coddle the old man until he lives to be a thousand. She has pluck enough; it is to her advantage to keep him alive; and she is no fool, though you may think so."

"She's as she were made; she can't help that," Leah says, apologetically, as if to be a fool were an advantage. "The maister finds her main handy—"

"To bring him through his attacks," interrupts Badger, significantly.

"It be nature that helps him through, not Miss Madelon," says Leah, with a gesture of her thumb and forefinger, expressive of infinite contempt. "She's wonderful in her works, is nature, they say. Though why she's a she, I never could make out," she adds, with a piously puzzled air.

"Because she is mischievous, no doubt," says Seth, sharply. "But brandy is nearer the mark than nature. I don't know how far it is wise to be interfering in that way with nature, Leah—"

"Brandy! Where does he keep it?" exclaims Leah.

"Up his sleeve, perhaps. I own I am surprised that you like a mere child like that to be meddling—"

"Me like, Maister Seth? I didn't fetch her here—"

"But you can send her away—make the house too hot for her. A word to the wise, you know," he adds, with a disagreeable laugh.

"Yes, yes, I know. But it be a deal easier to

speak the word than to act on it. And the maister'll never heed me. You'd best get rid of her yourself, Maister Seth. You'll not blunder like an old woman."

"What do you think I care for her?" answers Seth, roughly. "It does not concern me whether she goes or stays. She is not likely to be in my way. Now, Leah, remember to have something hot for supper, for I shall bring Trescoe back with me. And have two of the farm hands here; I shall need them as witnesses."

His orders given, as he turns to leave the room, Seth Badger is for the first time aware of Madelon's presence.

Bold man as he is, for a moment he is abashed. But a hasty glance reassures him. She is far too calm and quiet in manner to have overheard anything; and he is very sure she has just come into the room. Nor is there a falter in her voice as she asks: "Is the gruel ready, Aunt Leah?"

"You can see for yourself," is the old woman's ungracious answer, as she follows Seth Badger to the outer door. "He's gotten a spur besides the pair on his heels, I'll dare swear," she adds, as she stands watching him mount and ride away. "Whatever does he want with two witnesses? And that Trescoe to supper, into the bargain? He's after no good—not he."

"The gruel is scorched," says Madelon, as she lifts the saucepan-lid.

"Arreah, Miss Madelon, and where's the odds? You don't suppose the maister'd eat the stuff; and the pigs ben't particular as to the seasoning. You tell him I'll bring up his supper; and then tell him what Maister Seth been saying about you, and you close to his elbow all the time. It were all so good as one of they fine miracle-plays I saw to once, over to Truro; only, I were feared you'd speak up and put an end to it. If you'll just tell the maister, he'll not miss the time while I fry the sweetbreads; and a hearty laugh's a sauce even my sweetbreads 'll eat all the better for."

"You forget Austell is up-stairs, and I am not wanted," replies Madelon, a little ruefully.

"So I did. It seems you ben't wanted much anywhere. Maister Seth's not backward in saying what he wishes. And he's a hankering after nature, ha' Maister Seth; though in my opinion he's had precious little to do with her since he were a small chap in frocks."

"Don't bother yourself about Seth Badger," remarks Madelon, with scorn. "He is not master here."

"Don't 'ee be too sure of that, cheeld vean," returns Leah, cautiously. "When a man's in search of that Trescoe, and wants two witnesses, he means something. And it's my opinion the maister been fool enough to make his will, and Maister Seth ha' cooked his own porridge, and likes the flavor of it."

But old Martin Boscawen's will is of small interest to Madelon. She is wondering how much longer Austell will be up-stairs; and she strolls down to the gate, and stands looking over it, at nothing. It is pleasant to be out of hearing of Leah's sharp tongue; pleasanter to be out in the soft half-twilight, half-sunset; superlatively plea-

sant to be waiting with the sure knowledge that Austell will come as soon as old Mr. Boscawen will permit.

CHAPTER VI.

From merry maze glance round the fays,  
And weave love-charms a moment now;  
O'erhead the nimble squirrel stays,  
His curious, beaded eyes agaze,  
Or e'er he leaps from bough to bough  
Whereon that hazel-cluster sways.  
The owl alone in yonder yew  
Averts his blinking, bodeful eyes;  
In wedding-chimes the light wind plies  
The heath-flower's honied bells of blue.

"IS that you, Austell?" asks old Martin, when the young man, having knocked lightly at the door, opens it and enters. "I would much rather look at your face, than at Seth Badger's."

"And yet I am not overpowered by the compliment," answers Austell, laughing.

"Nor need you be. There are few faces so disagreeable as my great-nephew Seth's, which makes my luck the worse, since I have to see so much of him. I can understand very well why girls want handsome husbands, as they aren't permitted to look at other men."

"And for the same reason, a man likes a pretty wife," Austell remarks.

"No, no, there you are mistaken," says the old man, testily. "A pretty woman is sure to be vain and hard to manage. To be good-tempered is the one thing needful in a woman."

"One might perhaps find beauty and good-temper combined," is the careless rejoinder.

"And so wise men before you have thought. Socrates was a wise man, and no doubt chose a pretty wife: but for my part, I would have liked one of fame less world-wide."

"Well, yes," Austell admits. "No doubt it would be more comfortable."

"Now, if you would take some one you had known, had known intimately for a long time, you see, there would be less risk."

Austell smiles his assent. He is becoming rather bored with the subject.

"What a good-tempered, handy little thing Madelon is!" says Mr. Boscawen, abruptly.

This time, Austell only stares. He has been so accustomed to hear Madelon's short-comings in all womanly usefulness mourned over by his mother in every variation of vexation and hopelessness, that now he can only feel astonishment at Mr. Boscawen's assertion. As to Madelon's amiability, only a quarter of an hour ago he remembers calling her stubborn and hot-tempered, and being conscious of a strong desire to give her a little shake. So, no wonder he is silent.

"See, Austell," old Mr. Boscawen exclaims, with energy. "Just draw your chair round here where I can see you. There is no use in fencing with a friend; but Seth Badger gets me into bad habits, and they are hard to break, you know. Draw your chair near, man. I have something to tell you, and a short time to say it in, for Seth is in a hurry to get back. Of course, you believe I am rich?"

"I have heard it said that you are," admits Austell.

"And you know I have been married?"

Austell signs an assent.

"And that I had a son who displeased me, and then died?"

This pithy history Austell is as perfect in, as in his alphabet or his multiplication-table.

"Perhaps you do not know that my son married and left a child. Of course, you do not, for no one does but myself."

"Is it a boy, sir?" Austell asks, after a startled pause, finding that he is expected to say something, and not knowing what it should be.

"It is a girl, you lucky dog! Why, what a stupid fellow you are, to be sure! Can't you guess that my granddaughter is Madelon?"

Austell does feel wonderfully stupid—a groping sort of sensation, as if the ground itself were giving way uncertainly under him.

"His wife survived my son a year or more," old Martin goes on to say. "She was for months looking forward to death, and when she knew it not far off (I was still living half the year in London then, and knew nothing of my son, later than his marriage,) she brought the child to me there. I hadn't much fancy for the French girl's brat, and I wasn't sure that she might not recover and think it her duty to call and see it sometimes: and besides, Leah was not one to give a child in charge of. I had helped your father over some two or three hard places, when a little money was of service, in his young days, you know. So I wrote to your mother, and told her I was made guardian to a child, and asked her to take charge of it. She might have refused, had she known who was the child: but I said nothing about that, and the creature was so mere a baby, that her broken prattle could not tell so much as the country of her birth. And that's the long and the short of it," adds old Martin, abruptly bringing his narration to a close.

"And you have told Madelon?" asks Austell, after a bewildered pause.

"Told her? Why should I?" asks the old man, testily. "She'll not like me any the better for not claiming her before. No, I have not told her: and I would not tell you, if I did not wish to make a provision for the child."

"If I can help you in any way, I will gladly do so," Austell says.

"That's just what you can do, and what I sent for you to ask. I don't see what service it will be to talk round the subject, instead of coming straight up to the point. When I sent for you, it was to offer you her."

"Offer her—"

"Yes, offer her for you to marry."

"To marry her," says Austell, fully bewildered.

"Yes, to marry her. Isn't it good English?" old Martin cries out, irritably. "You need not repeat my words like a parrot. A man might do much worse than marry Madelon, I can tell you."

"I haven't a doubt of it," returns Austell, hastily. "But when one has never even thought of the matter—"

"That is just what I wish you to do. Think

over my offer. The truth is, Austell, the child is in a bad position. When I leave her, Seth will pounce down upon her: and though I have made him an offer of her, you know, and he has refused her—"

"Made Seth Badger an offer of Madelon?" exclaims Austell, in wrath. "You can't mean such a thing!"

"Yes, I did, but I was sure he would refuse her, and that was what I intended him to do. I did not put the question to him as I am putting it to you, you know, by saying that she is my granddaughter; or he would have jumped at her, as he will after my death, if I don't take care."

"But you can manage to place her out of his reach."

"Put the bird out of the cat's reach! He would be sure to get at her; and the more she tried to flutter out of his way, the more determined he would be to pounce upon her. The proper manner of taking care of a girl is to give her a husband. Some one who has a legal right to her."

"Can't you make me her guardian?" proposes Austell. "I will promise to take care of her."

"Much she'll heed a guardian!" answers old Martin, with contempt. "She has one now, and she does not think much of the relative position. No. What I want for Madelon is a husband."

Austell is silent.

"I have left Madelon," Mr. Boscawen goes on to explain, "a nice little fortune in the three-percents. Just the thing Seth will want. I must put it into safe hands for her."

"You had better select a lawyer," suggests Austell.

"Of course I shall. You don't suppose I mean to give it to you, do you? But there is some other property which I haven't willed away as yet—the old Boscawen estate here. There, there, I know what you are going to say. I know well enough that the place has gone down. But I know also that a thousand or two spent on it would make it the finest estate in the hundred, or in the next one either, for that matter."

"That may be true," says Austell, reflectively.

"The child ought to have it, because you know she is my only heir. And she will never miss what she puts on it by way of improvement. But then she will be no Boscawen if she marries out of the family; and some one of the name has been master here for some three hundred years, and I don't care to think of a change."

Austell is silent, but a slight shifting of position shows a nervous restlessness.

"Well, now, I have a proposition for you. I will make over to you this property (which ought to go to you on account of your name, you know, and which I have always intended for you), and you will let me live on here for my life. Then, you see, after my death you'll have the land and Madelon the money."

"I can't consent to buy Madelon."

"Can't buy a fiddlestick!" retorts old Martin. "Who asks you to buy her? What I wish you to do is to court her. Two chances to one, she will not have you. Girls don't generally fancy men they have known all their lives. All I say is,

here is a girl with a good disposition, and on her depends your getting a fine property; and her getting it, too, hangs in the same balance. So if you are such a fool as to let it slip, it is no fault of mine. And I can tell you, Seth Badger will not."

"I shall do my best to keep Madelon from marrying Badger," Austell says, hastily.

"You'll be a very shrewd man to prevent it. The child will have to marry either the one or the other of you," is Mr. Boscawen's cool rejoinder.

"But you don't intend to force her?"

"Not I. I could not if I would. Seth will manage that. It may be, he will think it better that she should share my property with him, when he finds out that she is my granddaughter," he adds, with a laugh.

"Madelon may not agree with him," remarks Austell, a flush of anger on his face.

"Perhaps not. She is such a young thing, so ignorant of the world and of men. And Seth—he's as two-sided as the shield the knights went riding at in the old story. At present our poor little Madelon is tilting against the black side; but, hey presto! by fair means or foul, he'll have her round at the other, and then she'll see he's white enough. And she'll not be the first of her sex," he goes on, quitting his somewhat confused parable, "to read fair-seeming in the lines of a straight nose, and a well-cut cruel mouth, and a pair of crafty, lurking eyes. Seth's ugly enough to me; but it takes a pair of old spectacles to see that handsome is as handsome does."

"It does seem a great risk for her," says Austell, thoughtfully.

"A terrible risk. I can hardly sleep at night for thinking of it. And I am sure I shall rest easier in my grave, leaving the child in good hands, and a Boscawen master here."

To this Austell makes no answer.

"I tell you what it is, Austell, you must think it all over. It isn't a thing to decide in a hurry. You can take one, two, or as many weeks as you please; and I'll have the papers made out to transfer the Priory to you, and ready to sign. If you don't wish it done, it will only be a waste of a bit of paper; and if you do, a scratch of a pen will make you master here. But remember, my boy, an old man's life is frail—only a spark which is easily put out. So don't be too long in making your decision."

"But suppose I should be willing, and Madelon not?" suggests Austell.

"Rubbish!" exclaims the old man, quite forgetting the doubt he himself threw out a moment since. "A young fellow like you not make a girl willing to have a lover! Why, Seth will do it if you don't. But let me tell you, never a stone of the old Priory shall be left in her hands, to slip through her fingers into his. If she is obstinate, she must bear the consequences."

"But her rights, sir—"

"And my rights, sir. There, there," says the old man, impatiently, catching at the interruption, as the door swings open from without; "there is Leah with my supper. When shall I look for your next visit?"



Austell hesitates. He seems engrossed in watching Leah's movements.

"To-day two weeks I'll come," he says at last, Leah having completed her arrangements, and taken her stand with folded hands behind her master's chair, in a demurely listening and waiting attitude, which leaves Austell no hope of another word in private, and no excuse for lingering. "But don't count too surely on my carrying out your wishes," he puts in.

"I'll be ready for you. There will be no harm done if you don't agree with me. Now Leah will give you some supper," he adds. "I won't ask you to stay the night, for I know you are not fond of meeting Seth. Poor Seth! Now remember, I'll look for you in two weeks. Don't be a day later. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey," old Martin says, politely.

So Austell is dismissed; and he goes down-stairs with Leah.

"The maister ha' made his will at last," she says, confidentially, after making the journey down the hall with her mouth pursed up into the size of a button.

"Has he?" asks Austell, with far more indifference than he would have shown for the same remark an hour earlier.

"Has he?" repeats Leah, mimicking Austell's mode of speech. "If it ben't annything to you now, maybe you'll be singing another tune when you find out what Maister Seth's about. He's after no good: and he's just wild to get rid of Miss Madelon."

"Of Madelon?" Austell repeats, with sudden interest.

"Yes. And if you'll ha' my opinion, if he can't get her out of his way in one fashion, he will in another."

"What do you mean, Leah?" asks Austell, in some alarm.

"I mean if she's to stay here, he'll put her out of his way, even if he's a got to marry her. He's some such notion already in that red head of his, you may be sure."

"But I can't be sure, until you tell me why you think so."

"Straws show whichee way the wind blows. And though words ben't anny more than just straws, they show how the mind runs. Most folk let a little dribble out here and there, if you'll only take the pains to listen. Now, when Maister Seth says annything, I always think it worth listening to."

"Happy man!"

But Leah does not regard the gibe. She is rather an over-full well herself, and not disinclined to dribble, as she calls it. "You see, I began it myself, by saying, 'Why don't 'ee get married, Maister Seth?'"

"What excuse did he give?" asks Austell.

"Why, says he, I ha'n't time for courting. If she'd take a day or two to get ready, I wouldn't mind. But to hang on for months, doesn't suit me."

"I never suspected him of being an impatient lover," remarks Austell.

"No more he ben't. For then he says, he liked

the way they managed they matters in the old times. In the Bible days, when one could send a servant to take a look at a maid, and fetch her. And maybe he'd send me some day on some such errand."

"You know you wouldn't object to the mission, Aunt Leah."

"I can't say. Anny rate, I didn't knaw what he were driving at; for one can't depend on such as Maister Seth for Bible truths. And besides, a body's mind naturally turns to Jacob, in a question of courtship—'cause of his being such an unlikely proceeding on a man's part, maybe. However, I had to ask en who he were thinking of; and he said that were the way Isaac got Rebecca, and just like a girl, to leave fayther and mother and all she knew, to get a husband."

"Badger knows more of the Bible than you thought," says Austell, laughing. "And you can't deny he knows something of your sex."

"As if it were annything but the jewelry fetched her!" returns Leah, with contempt for his ignorance. "Though why he sent her one ear-ring, I never could make out."

"No doubt, Seth was as grateful to you for the hint, as I am. I shall try a pair of ear-rings," Austell promises.

"Maister Seth'll not spend his money anny more than his time," asserts Leah. "And so he began at once to ask questions about Miss Madelon, and I told en she were just as soft as a rose. He found the rose had a prickly, though; for when he came down-stairs, he were mad to send her away, and wanted me to do it."

"Poor little Madelon!" says Austell. He does not enjoy hearing that Seth Badger and Leah are forming devices against her.

"It didn't make anny difference what he said, for she heard every word. She'll give en some trouble, there's one comfort. It's the nature of roses to draw blood, if you're rough with 'n."

"Is that Madelon?" asks Austell, who from the outer door catches sight of a moving figure among the shadows at the gate, which is just swinging open creakily, for the figure to pass out to the road.

"Ay, that be Miss Madelon. She's off to the cliff, suppose: she likes to get up there for a brave bit, about sunset, when she can. She thinks you be still with the maister. I'll call her, and send her up to 'n, and then give you a mouthful of supper," proposes Leah, turning to the door.

"I will go to her," says Austell, quickly. "I can't wait for supper: I must be back at Truro to-night. I shall not starve," he adds, in answer to Leah's look of dismay at his refusal of "a wholesome meal." "I'll pick up something at the inn at churchtown, where I left my horse because he had cast a shoe. I'll need something at the end of my walk, you know."

He does not stay to hear her rail at the extravagance of such a proceeding, as well as at the risk of indigestion; but hurries out after Madelon, who, having reached the road, has turned down the combe without seeing him.

It is, perhaps, no easy task to overtake the girl, who flits along the path with a joyous lightness in



all her movements. At any rate, it is a task which Austell does not attempt, but follows with that somewhat lazy, swinging gait of his, and with eyes that have a certain quiet satisfaction in them, as they keep her in view.

It is not far. The towans, or great sand-dunes, which dully shut in the view about the gateway, have wandered no farther seaward; and gradually there is an uplifting out of the sand-level, of two great, black, irregular slate-walls. Between these, at high tide, the sea will come rushing in, foaming and surging, to meet and greaten this mere trickle of a brook, over which Madelon has just sprung easily, and which now at low water oozes through the salt pasture, filling all that hollow between the cliff-walls with green, peaceful waves, where yellow sea-plants flicker like broken streaks of sunshine, and red cattle are browsing to and fro. Twilight is fast blotting out all this color at the landward end of the defile, or combe; but where that opens to sea and sky, the slow day, loth still to depart, has left one lingering flush and glow, as of a last backward-turning thought. The waves that ripple up to the pink line of shell-sand at the combe's mouth, bring with them some reflection of that thought of light, which softens the frown of the black and broken pinnacles of rock as they look down on the sea, and brightens the brave, sunny smiling of the gorse, that might

"Teach us to be strong—  
Cankered not the whole year long,  
Trodden on by rain and snow  
Up the hillside of this life."

"When gorse is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion." Somehow, the proverb comes into Austell's mind, as he brushes in among those golden, scented blossoms, and catches sight of the girl's figure sharply defined against the sky. The summit of this headland slopes upward to the point which breaks sheer down into the broad Atlantic; and on the verge of that precipice, among a few scattered blocks of granite, here out-cropping through the slate, a great mass of the same stone stands out—a relie of the Druids; perhaps, as it is said, one of their rock-deities. Certainly it is venerable of aspect, this great tomlen, which, if not the work of nature, must have been that of the old giants of these coasts, who only could have lifted that irregular upper slab to overarch the two smaller ones prone on the ground, thus setting a space of sea and sky into the rude rock-frame. It is not of the giants, however, but of the fairies, who are said to haunt these mystic stones, that Austell is thinking, as he catches sight of the small figure seated a-top there, with hands clasped round her knees, and eyes fixed on the sea,—so intently fixed, that she knows nothing of his difficult clamber up the landward ragged face of the rock, until he says: "Did you run off here to be out of the way of my good-bye?"

She starts, and turns to look up at him standing behind her.

"Are you going so soon? I thought at least you would wait until to-morrow."

There is vexation in her voice; a sudden springing of tears in her eyes, which perhaps the fading light is not bright enough to reveal to him.

"Yes, I must be off to-night. I have no desire to spend most of the evening in the society of Seth Badger. Besides," he adds, "old Martin has dismissed me."

"But you need not mind him. He is not half as cross as he appears," says Madelon, eagerly.

"I hope not, for your sake. Nevertheless, I must go. But can you keep a secret? I shall be back in two weeks."

"Will you really?" She turns eagerly toward him. She has quite forgotten to hide her face from him.

"Will you be glad to see me?" he asks, with a different sensation from any he has ever before felt in putting so very simple a question.

"Will I?" she asks, joyfully; then adds demurely: "Of course I shall be glad to see some one from home."

"Only some one from home." Austell repeats the words in evident disappointment. And as Madelon offers no amendment to her speech, the two fall silent.

He has thrown himself on the rock-platform at her feet; and under cover of the hat slouched on his brows, is watching her. She is not looking at him in return, but absently over the sea below, the gurgle of which comes in to fill the pause; for though the tide is low, it never ebbs so far as to bare the foot of this precipice, and moans and sighs, strange-voiced, as it wanders through the caves and fissures of the rended rocks. There is a gleam of white gulls sweeping to and fro below, with their strange, creaking cry; and about those ledges hanging in mid-air, a flutter of raven wings, as here and there a chough, King Arthur's bird, flies nesting home, with beak and claws all red with blood from fatal Camelford. Long, flushing, changeful lights, as of mother-of-pearl, are wavering over the western sea; while nearer, many a broken arch and buttress among the wave-stormed breaches in the slate, throws its black shadow on the water. From this promontory, the cliff curves in wild lines, first in, then out again to the southwest,—gray Cligga Head thrusting itself forward into the nearer waves, and St. Agnes Beacon rising in the distance up against the sky; while out of the midst of the sea the enchanted rock-forms of Man and His Man uplift themselves, a gleam of white light breaking momentarily against them. Far upon the other hand, beyond the narrow green sea-pasture and slate walls of Combe Boscawen, a stretch of blown sands borders Perran's Bay, and seems creeping inland with a treacherous ripple or the swell of a huge towan, under which, as Madelon well knows, the great wicked city of Langarrow lies as deeply buried as the *faerie londe* of Lionesse at the Land's End. Remembering the legend of that sudden overthrow, the girl with a little shudder casts a glance over her shoulder, down on the Priory, just one glimpse of which upon its alder-bordered stream, is yielded by the overhanging towans. But nothing is threatening there this evening; nothing can be calmer than that pallid reach of sands, nor more peaceful than the oasis of yellowed corn-fields with their criss-cross overhanging hedges, wedged between the meeting of two

brooks, that, joining presently, rush seaward through anothercombe above Boscawen. Madelon follows the glint of their course, as she looks far down upon it from this highest height; then lets her gaze rest on the sea again. Only for an instant. She turns to Austell with a troubled wistfulness in her eyes.

"It is strange," she says; "but—do you know, I used to dream of the sea; and I never saw it really until I came here. And the day after I came to the Priory—I was so wished and lonely with thinking of Dinglefield, and I found my way up here, and the first glimpse of the sea was as of the face of an old friend. I can't remember, I was so little when I went to Dinglefield; but I wonder whether that was true? I wonder—Austell, do you know anybody that has nobody to belong to?"

Austell shifts his position uneasily, and looks away from her, over the vague sea-line. Certainly she ought to know; but then, what right has he—

"You should ask—your guardian, Madelon. How long is it you have been thinking of all this?"

"Oh, I had so many things to think of at Dinglefield. Every tree, and bush, and flower—every path through the hills, and all the little children and the old people plodding along them—they were all old friends: I hadn't a chance to be lonely. Here, it is different. Only, when I can steal away up here, and come and listen to the sea, it is as if some one I had known were whispering to me; I cannot catch the words, but I'm glad of the voice, all the same."

"It must be that you have some friend among the mermaids," suggests Austell, trying to give the conversation a light turn, since he has referred the child to old Martin, as in duty bound. "The best friends in the world to have, you know, these 'merrymaids,' as Leah would have it. What, you are ignorant of the fact that they do now and then take some simple-hearted earthly maiden under their protection; and then woe to that luckless wretch who makes himself her enemy! You are laughing; but the wrath of the merrymaid is no laughing matter, let me tell you. Why, look over yonder, across Perran's Bay, if you could see round Penhale Point, and on along the coast as far as Padstow, you'd have proof enough of this in the sands choking the harbor there, creeping in and in, since the day when a sailor shot at a merrymaid combing her locks on a rock in the bay, and she lifted her foam-white arm and cursed the harbor for his sake. And for my other statement, I am sure the story of Pennaluna's maid is confirmation enough. That story, by the way, happened right here."

"Happened right here?"

"That is well: I see you are going to listen with faith,"—as she lifts herself with a little, eager movement out of her thoughtful attitude, and glances round with a new interest in her eyes. "So, then. Just where the Priory now stands (before ever monks or Boscawens ruled there), was once an humble cottage where dwelt old Pennaluna with his one child, the fairest maid in all Perranzabulo. I don't know with any certainty what had made her so fair; some of the neighbors

asserted the mother had been used to bathe the little one in fairy dew gathered at dawn from the ferns down in thecombe; others, that one day on the seashore the child sprang from her arms and disappeared under an arched rock-pool beneath this very cliff; and while the poor mother stood petrified with horror, floated up again, changed yet the same—kissed by the mermaids into more than human beauty. Be that as it may, none so fair grew up in Perranzabulo.

"Fair enough to be loved, but not too fair to be deserted. It was a pretty pastime enough for young Trewoofe, coming home for a breathing-space from the wars, to win the girl's heart; but when he went away again, if 'love ruled the court, the camp,' it was not love of the simple peasant. She, when at last he came back carelessly to revisit his old Hall, lay dead of a broken heart in the churchyard on the sands.

"He did not heed it overmuch. The girl had been idle, silly, to believe a young man's fancy for a pretty face could make him always forgetful of his rank; besides, it is sheer nonsense, this dying of a broken heart, as is plainly to be seen, in that one dies but once, and loves a dozen times. Trewoofe said all this to himself; but it was observed he never entered the old church on the sands, and when his homeward way lay sometimes past Pennaluna's cottage (which the old man, too, had left untenanted for the grave,) he would choose the way along the cliffs instead.

"One night (it was that of the girl's death, come round again, though Trewoofe did not know it,) he had been late at a great house beyond Cligga Head yonder, where he was said to be looking for a wife among the brace of dowered daughters there. It was a night like this—just the fair, soft moonlight to brighten all a lover's hopes and dreams; and Trewoofe chose to walk home in it to the Hall, which stood farther up the coast than here, upon the other side of Perran Bay.

"You see that faintly-outlined path descending to that strip of beach, upon our left? Well, he had reached as far as that, and was passing on, never heeding the downward path, with which he had nothing to do; when, on a sudden, something made him pause.

"A voice; and such a voice as, if we may believe the poet, lures the sailor who listens,

'Bump ashore on the Scilly Isles.'

Trewoofe heard it, and it drew him down, down the wild path, and over the sands, to a narrow ledge which skirts this promontory, and which at dead-low tide is left bare, far below us here. No, you cannot see by leaning over; the precipice shelves forward above it. But Trewoofe saw a maiden sitting on that ledge, her face turned toward the sea, and crooning all the while that strange song without words, which kept the rhythm of the sea in all its cadences, and bound him hand and foot with cords of melody that drew him on until he reached her side.

"She turned her head then—lifted up her face—

"The face of Pennaluna's maid—the same—and yet—

"The moonlight was upon it, soft and fair. The dead face—living, breathing, with a witchery of

loveliness the girl had never known. The moon was shining in the liquid eyes, unfathomable as the deep, dark sea; and if a spell were laid on him, he did not know, but thought it was his will to sit beside her, and to draw her white arms round him.

"And: 'You loved her once?' she said to him.

"Yes—yes."

"As you loved her, so I love you," she said again.

"How could he understand? He is drunken with her beauty, with the magic of her touch, of her voice that thrills him with that word of love upon her lips. How could he heed that strange, wild, rippling laughter, as of many voices, while the waves gurgle in and out among the fissures of the cliffs, then ebb away with a faint, sobbing sound?

"His eyes are held in hers. He knows nothing of the lapse of time, nor of the swelling of the quiet, moonlit tide upon these rocks. Nothing, until the treacherous flood is at his very feet. At that, he starts.

"But those white arms of hers bind him as fast as ever iron chains bind murderer to the gibbet.

"As you loved her, so I love you," she says again. 'Unto the death—the death!'

"Her eyes are all a-glitter in the moonlight, cold and calm and cruel as the sea. Her voice is like the mocking waves that ripple in and out, higher and higher, all about him now. Her arms are chilly as the white sea-foam that wraps him round, that drags him down—down.

"As you loved her, so I love you," she says once more, with a wild peal of laughter.

"And: 'Unto the death—the death—the death,' the gurgle of the waves takes the sea-rhythm up, and flings it to and fro against the rocks, and drowns the awful, drowning, human cry."

Austell has told the story, watching the girl's small, changeful face, as he used when it was smaller, and as eager, over some legend of Cornwall's own Arthur, or a mighty feat of Gogmagog, drawn out to make the wondering eyes brighten in a way that at some idle moment he has always liked to watch. The light is dying out of them now, and she draws a long breath, letting her glance stray farther away over the sea. As she does so, suddenly her face brightens again, and she leans forward.

"What is it, Madelon?"

"Oh, only look!"

To be sure, it is not into her face, that she means. So he turns slowly, to follow the directing of her glance.

It is well worth his while to follow, to such a scene as that. It is the hour now, when through the lingering blue which has not yet all given place to night, the sudden stars appear, most like a few white openings into the clear upper light. The moon, a wider rent in the blue canopy, lets out a flood of radiance upon the darkening sea which stretches boundlessly to the far western world. The sandy sweep of Perran Bay, that straightens northward; the black, beetling cliffs that struggle out upon the other hand, torn, broken, yet defiant, for all their hollow-voiced

moaning; and out from yonder porth, multitudes of fishing-boats, that gather where before but three lay blackly on the water: all these are brought out with the clear, soft touches of that great artist Light, first of created things which the Creator saw was good, when the new evening and the morning were the first day. And now momentarily the silvern moon is glowing into gold, above in the starry skies, below in the sea that is all starred over with ripples, sparkles, with the breaking of a wave against some hidden rock-point, with the drippings from a lifted oar, and presently with a swift, golden shower, another and another, into the waiting boats.

"Pilchards," is Austell's laconic answer to his own question, put a moment since. And as Madelon looks round at him, he quotes:

"When the corn is in the shock,  
The fish is on the rock."

Not quite literally true here, by the way; for the harvest at Boscawen is yet to gather, though, no doubt, that is because the farm is so neglected. Rather early for the pilchards to have found their way up here; but then, you know, these gypsy herring, like other gypsies, are not so regular in their habits that one can count upon them to a certainty, as old Squire Penwarne names his night for a woodcock supper a week before he expects the birds to make their first appearance at Land's End. But, Madelon, you ought to have slipped away and come out here this morning, when you would have seen the huer stationed over yonder on that point—or that—at watch for the first tinge of the red, waving band across the sea-blue, which betrays the coming shoal, and ready with his echoing hue and cry, and with his furze-bush signal trimmed off with white streamers, to direct the sear-boat with its follower and lurker. See—there goes another glittering shower of the fish from the tuck-net into the boats."

But Madelon is not paying any attention. She has started to her feet, and repeats: "Slipped away?—it is well you reminded me—Mr. Boscawen will be saying that is what I have done now. He never spares me so long as this. So the sooner I am back, the better."

"But, Madelon—"

It is of no use to remonstrate; the girl is off. All that Austell can do (for her sudden move has taken him at unawares, and she has already swung herself lightly down from her observatory,) is to follow along the steep downward slope of the cliff, and when he does overtake her, to draw her arm in his, by way of precaution against her running away again.

The child shrinks back a little, unused to this sort of dependence. But Austell makes no motion to release her; and so the two go on together, away from the glow and glitter and movement of the sea, down into the stillcombe, and in among the towans throwing here a cone-like shadow, there a waving ridge, upon the sands.

But, somehow, a change has crept among them, since the girl flitted past an hour ago, intent on leaving their dull solitudes behind. The moonlight throws a glamour over Austell and Madelon strolling silently through them, as well as over

the old house which looks stately and yet homelike under that soft touch; over the gnarled apple-tree, and the ivied gateway which the two have reached at last, and where Austell is to say farewell.

Farewell? But when he does speak presently, and break the silence, it is with quite a different word from that.

Austell is very far from being mercenary. He is not a man who would make any great sacrifice for a handsome inheritance. But out here in the moonlight, where the whole scene is so tender and so quiet, it seems no very great matter to stretch out his hand and clasp Madelon's, which hangs idly by her side, now that she has slipped it from his arm.

"Madelon, little one, do you think, if you tried very hard, you could learn to love me?"

"I do not know. How can I tell?" she answers, a little sharply, as one startled. But she makes no effort to withdraw her hand from his clasp.

"If you will only promise to try," he adds, rather nervously, "I—I would be very glad."

"Would you?" she asks, wonderingly. "Would you really care? Have you just thought of it, or," blushing rosy, "did you the day I came here?"

"The day you came here? Why do you fix on that day? I can't tell when I thought of it. I have always been so used to having you."

He is not very coherent; but perhaps she thinks lovers seldom are.

"Have you really missed me?" she asks, half-wondering at the audacity of the question.

"Of course I have," he answers, hastily, and, as he believes, honestly. "And I shall miss you all the more when I get home. If I only have your promise to try to like me—to love me, I mean—I shall be better satisfied."

The small downcast face is still unwontedly rosy; but the smiles are coming and going now about the mouth that says saucily: "It may not be so very difficult; and one can overcome so much, if one only tries. Besides, it is so dull here; and to have a lover in the background, and then to expect him to come some day or other, that will be charming."

"I am not joking, Madelon," Austell returns, sharply.

"Nor I. I never was more serious in my life," she avers.

"Poor little Madelon!" he says, in a sudden change to half-pity, half-tenderness. "Is it so dull? Can you wait those two weeks, dear? I will promise not to be longer."

She makes no promise, only pushes the gate open, leaning against it, waiting to hear what next he will say.

But it is only good-bye; and then he stoops and kisses her.

His kiss drops not half so coolly as the one he gave when they parted before. And yet it does not bring half so vivid a blush after it.

Madelon stands watching, as Austell walks on up the road, carelessly swinging his stick in his hand. A tall, manly-looking lover, of whom any girl might be proud. But just now she is too bewildered for even the sense of happiness. It is

too sudden a change in her life for her to feel sure that anything remarkable has indeed befallen her. She is still only Madelon standing at the gate, and it is Austell Boscawen whom she is watching walking away. She is conscious of having done this same thing scores of times before,—nay, ever since she was so tiny that she had to peep at him through the bars; and she is not quite sure she was not in love with him even then.

Austell looks back from the turn in the road, and waves a farewell to Madelon, who, even when he has passed out of sight, stands still in the same position, though there is nothing to be seen, not even a rabbit scurrying across from towan to towan, as there might be in the daylight. As for Austell, who is plodding on over the sands toward the church-town, there is little more to interrupt his contemplations. How this sudden act of his will appear to him by daylight, he has no idea; but by moonlight he is tolerably well-pleased. No doubt he will make Madelon's life much happier. She has always interested him; and it is natural that he should fall in love with her. That old Martin Boscawen has given him the idea, he does not know; neither does he dwell on the fact that Madelon's hand holds the title-deed of Boscawen Priory. Two weeks more, and it will be his; and there are some reasons which make it desirable for Austell to have it, as befits the representative of the Boscawen name.

It is late in the night before Madelon returns to old Martin. Seth Badger and Trescoe were long closeted with him; and at last were called up the two witnesses whom Leah had in readiness. Then Seth dismissed them with the wherewithal for "half-pinting" at the nearest inn, and they went away, the one with a blustering, important air, as if the will were entirely of his making; the other with a hang-dog look, as if he had been at something he was ashamed of. Even writing one's own name has much significance in it, if one is unaccustomed to the labor.

When Madelon goes up-stairs, she finds that Leah has been before her, and has told the story of Seth Badger's desire to get rid of the girl. But Mr. Boscawen has failed to see in Leah's narration the joke which she had said he would.

"You will not go away and leave me?" he asks, nervously, of Madelon. "Promise me you will not. Swear you will not."

"How can I go away unless you send me?" asks Madelon, a little sadly.

"And that I'll not do," old Martin answers, with cheerful energy. "That I'll never do. As long as I live, you shall stay here, let Austell Boscawen or any other young scamp want you or no. Eh, but it is hard when an old man has to cling to a mere slip of a girl like you. And you don't come from a stock to be trusted—not you. I should have warned Austell of that. I should have warned him."

"What have you been saying to Austell?" asks Madelon, suspiciously.

She has been arranging on a small table at the bedside such articles as the old man may need in the night; but now she breaks off her task, and comes over where he is sitting.



"Saying to Austell? What had I to tell him? That you are a rare, good-for-nothing girl? and a fit match for Seth? Did that set the young rascal after you? Has he been saying anything to you? Tell the old man. He'll keep your secret." And he bends eagerly forward towards her.

"Mr. Boscawen," cries Madelon, in a quick, passionate voice, "don't you say anything to make Austell think of marrying me. For I tell you plainly, I will not be put upon any man, and least of all, shall it be upon Austell."

"So we come of the royal family, do we? and have go-betweens to make our matches?" jeers the crafty old man. "Why do you fancy I would care to make a match between you and Austell? Eh, but you are like your mother! Not in look, for she was a beauty, you know. But in temper she was just fire and tow."

"Tell me something of my mother," the girl says, coaxingly, her anger all dying out as suddenly as it rose.

"Not to-night, not to-night. Even if I had anything to tell you, I could not to-night. And don't get into that silly head of yours that I wish you to marry Austell Boscawen. It is Seth Badger you need be afraid of. For though he refused you, and said plainly enough he wouldn't have you, yet that was before he knew I had left you a nice little sum in my will. And have a care of it: don't let Seth or Jack Trescoe befool you out of it. I have left it to you, you understand, and you are never to let Seth or Trescoe lay a finger on it."

"I don't want your money," Madelon says, sharply. "What do you mean about offering me to Seth Badger? You know very well I would not even look at him."

"Yes, yes. I know you wouldn't." Old Martin speaks soothingly, patting the hand which the girl has unconsciously laid on the arm of his chair. "To be sure, I knew you wouldn't marry Seth. He's too ugly for a nice little girl like you. But it is best for him to think it his own fault if things do not turn out as he expects. Eh, but I'd fain just come back and hear the will read! And then to see Seth's manners as the heir! Won't it be, as Leah says, as good as a play? All the family here, and many who do not belong to it, all hoping for a slice, and pricking up their ears to hear their names read out; though they will try to look as if they didn't care a rush. And how they will all hate Seth, poor fellow! And he'll not be the more civil to them, because I was not polite enough to mention them."

The old man lies back in his chair and laughs mockingly over the scene he has conjured up; and Madelon draws away and stands there with awe rather than mirth in her face, of which he presently catches a glimpse, and says, testily: "There, there, I shall not talk of anything more to-night. Go away, now, I don't want you. But don't go to bed until you have been down-stairs and seen what Seth is about. And be sure you tell Leah to say, if he asks for me, that I am asleep."

Madelon goes down as she is bidden, and finds

that Badger and Trescoe are in the south parlor, at supper.

"They'll be certain to have the nightmare this blessed night," Leah remarks, hopefully. "Maister Seth ben't given to suppers, and the beef's wonderfully tough."

Old Leah hates late hours, and is weary of waiting for the unwonted meal to be over. But Seth Badger has assumed, even more than usually, the air of master of the house; and though Leah does not hesitate to express her opinion to Madelon, the old time-server is very cautious as to her mode of speech to Seth himself.

"Maister Seth makes a much better friend than enemy," she constantly avers to Madelon. No doubt Leah is right; but the girl has neither the craft nor the selfishness of the old woman; nor ever will have, pray Heaven.

(To be continued.)

## GOD'S MESSAGE.

BY RUTH.

DOWN on the beach with laugh and shout,  
My little boy was playing;  
A sea-shell by the wave smooth-kissed  
He brought to me. "O mother, list,  
And hear what God is saying!"

My ears were dulled with worldly care,  
My thoughts all earthward straying;  
The message low I could not hear,  
And so I answered: "Tell me, dear,  
What is it God is saying?"

The blood came flushing to his cheek,  
His struggling thought betraying.  
"Tis what you whisper when I fear,  
And all is dark, Child, I am here,  
That the dear Lord is saying."

Oh, had we childhood's innocence,  
Its trust all fears allaying,  
That we might listen in the dark,  
And midst life's toil and clamor, hark  
To hear what God is saying.

That message low is whispered still,  
To those who listen, praying;  
And we, in wind, and wave, and flower,  
In life's glad moments, sorrow's hour,  
May hear what God is saying.

WHAT A SMILE DID.—A smiling recognition, and a few kind words from a young lady who sometimes employed her, sent a poor sewing-girl to her daily task at the shop with a lighter heart and a brighter eye than common. She worked better for that small charity of a smile and bright word, and won more favor from those who employed her. "I shall be obliged to drop off some of our workers," said the manager to her, privately, "but you are becoming so handy and useful, Margaret, we cannot spare you." The good word of the morning had helped her more than she knew to keep her situation.



# ERNESTINE GRAHAM. AN ART STORY WITHOUT AN END.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

ERNESTINE GRAHAM painted. She was fully persuaded she was an artist. She did not aspire to oil colors. In truth, she was convinced that they should be used exclusively by gentlemen, since one must undoubtedly smell of oil and turpentine, and since it was next to impossible to keep neat and dainty, with dirty brushes and smeared palettes about. And, to Ernestine's thinking, the possession of the greatest genius in the world would never compensate for untidy attire, and for paint-blotches here and there on one's fingers and clothes. But, with care, one might dabble a little in water-colors, and be none the worse for it.

Miss Graham had been through a regular course of instruction in water-color painting at boarding-school, and had received the enthusiastic encomiums of her teacher, who pronounced her by far the best in her class. So, as the results of this training on the part of her teacher, and artistic labors on her own part, there were hung up in the little parlor at home, nicely framed, an impossible landscape, and a flower-piece or two, which might put nature to the blush either for envy or shame—we leave our readers to decide which.

Miss Graham did not intend to pursue painting as a profession. Oh, no! Yet she rejoiced in the consciousness that, "if anything should happen," she was perfectly qualified to teach the art; or, better still, perhaps to paint pictures for sale; and she read with intense satisfaction the accounts of almost fabulous prices which water-color paintings sometimes commanded.

Ernestine had a friend and neighbor, a Mrs. Marius, who did paint in oil colors—actually did not mind putting on a high, wide and long apron, spotted here and there with touches of paint, and sitting down with a most unlady-like persistence, and forgetfulness of social duties, before a canvas, which would absorb her attention for days at a time. Miss Graham went occasionally to see Mrs. Marius, but not so often as she would otherwise have done, if there had not been such a likelihood of finding her in her studio, which always smelled of white lead and turpentine. She thought her friend very selfish and inconsiderate, because she would not leave this studio when she called, and come down to receive her in the pretty drawing-room, as she herself would have done, had their positions been reversed.

"That is not the way a man would do," said Mrs. Marius, in defense of her conduct.

"But you are not a man," returned Miss Graham, triumphantly, "and that makes all the difference in the world."

"No, I am not a man; but I am an artist, and there is no sex recognized in art. If I wish to succeed, I can only do so by working in a man's way."

"What folly! Why should you care for success at all? I am sure I should not. It is for men to work; for women to amuse themselves, and be supported. Unless, to be sure, if a woman

is obliged to work—that alters the case. And even then she should work in a womanly way, and not forget social duties."

Mrs. Marius would answer disdainfully to this and similar objections: "You have womanly consciousness enough for us both; I have to be somewhat oblivious to it, to preserve a proper equilibrium in this neighborhood."

Nevertheless, Ernestine liked Mrs. Marius well. It is not often that a young girl is attracted to a married woman several years her senior. But so it was in this case. She could not herself have told the charm which drew her to her friend; but in truth it was the very positiveness of character which Ernestine so much regretted, but which dominated over her in spite of herself, and now and then lifted her up momentarily out of her own littleness and weakness, and gave her mental glimpses of what womanhood might mean.

"If I could paint like you," said Ernestine, thoughtfully, as she stood before a picture which Mrs. Marius had just finished, "I might be reconciled to the turpentine, and the oil, and the dirt, and all of it, and to giving my whole time and attention to it—perhaps. Now, my pictures—"

As Ernestine made a little pause, Mrs. Marius suggested: "You find very satisfactory."

"Oh, yes," returned Ernestine, brightening; "I think I do succeed very well in water colors; at least so my teacher said;" and her voice bore testimony to her self-satisfaction. "But then," she added, after a little pause, "my pictures don't look like yours. Can you tell me why?"

Mrs. Marius smiled. "I think I can. Throwing out all other considerations, there is one reason which I think is sufficient to account for it. You are always careful to remember that you are a woman, while I forget everything but that I wish to be a true artist."

"But is there anything wrong in remembering that I am a woman?" asked Ernestine, just a little resentfully.

"No, indeed; not if you really understand what true womanhood means. Now, with you, womanhood is synonymous with weakness, idleness, inefficiency; an ignoring of high motives and exalted aims; an asking of privileges and a forgetfulness of duties; a selfish enjoyment of the present. Whereas, with me, it means the very best of which a woman is capable; the full development of her faculties; and the improvement to the utmost of that time which God has given her, and for which He will require an account, just the same as of a man."

This was one of the times when Ernestine caught a glimpse of the possibilities of her own womanly nature.

"Could I ever learn to paint like you, if I tried?" she asked, with wistful seriousness.

It was a difficult question for Mrs. Marius to answer with truthfulness. She was conscious that her young friend possessed artistic talents only in a slight degree, but at the moment she could not frame her answer so as to tell her so without giving her pain. After a moment's hesitation, she replied: "That I cannot tell. It is

quite to the purpose to say that you might paint much better than you do."

"What, in water-colors?"

"Yes, even in water-colors, in spite of your teacher's assurance that you had nearly reached perfection."

"Will you tell me how?—am I troubling you too much?"

"No, no; I am a busy woman, as you know, and have no time to waste in what is useless. But if I can help you, my time and assistance are at your disposal."

"What shall I do? When shall I begin?"

"Come here to-morrow morning, if, when the morning comes, your heart does not fail you; for you must remember art is a jealous mistress, and is not satisfied with a brief hour's adoration. If you come, it will mean a whole day of hard work with paints and brushes."

Ernestine *did* go the next morning to her friend, Mrs. Marius, and found that lady ready for her. A vase, with a few simple flowers negligently arranged, just as they had been gathered from the garden, were placed upon a little stand in a good light.

"There is the picture you are to copy," said Mrs. Marius, pointing to it; "and nature, not I, will be your mistress this morning. Get your paper ready, and begin."

"Had I not better arrange the flowers first?" asked Ernestine.

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Marius, interposing between Ernestine and the vase. "They have arranged themselves. Art cannot improve them."

"How shall I begin? I never did anything but copy pictures before."

"And you consider yourself almost a proficient in painting!" returned Mrs. Marius, in a sarcastic tone. "Begin? Why, begin by painting what you see, and only what you see."

Mrs. Marius returned to her canvas, and left Ernestine at her labors. An hour passed by with scarcely a spoken word. Then Ernestine yawned, and laid down her box and brushes.

"Oh, dear," she said, "that flower does not look just right."

Mrs. Marius came and glanced at it.

"Good gracious, girl! what have you been about? It is not at all like the flower before you!"

"I know it isn't, but that is the way Miss Gray, my teacher, always told me to paint those flowers."

"Miss Gray, indeed! Take your paints and paper, and go back to Miss Gray, if you choose, and paint abortions of roses and lilies now and forever more. Your teacher here is nature, not Miss Gray. If you come to me, you must forget all you have ever been taught to do, and paint what you see."

"But what was the good of my spending so much time and money with Miss Gray, if what she taught me is of no use?"

"Don't ask me that question. Let those answer it who sent you to her: I didn't. Once for all, remember that when Miss Gray and nature come in

collision, Miss Gray and her ways are to be forgotten; that is, if you want to be a real artist. If you don't care about that, it don't make so much difference."

Ernestine went meekly back to her work, and labored at it pains-takingly for a week, with much humility of spirit, and with a constantly renewed sense of her own ignorance and inefficiency. When the picture was finished, she regarded it in a spirit of intense dissatisfaction.

"I never painted such a daub in all my life!"

"No, never," said Mrs. Marius, looking at the picture over Ernestine's shoulder; "Never one half so good!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Ernestine, turning around somewhat sharply to her. "The pictures I used to paint were always satisfactory. This is not."

"Exactly. I begin to have hopes of you, since you are finding out your own ignorance. If you wish to know what I mean, take this picture, and compare it with those you have at home."

Ernestine took her picture with her, and compared it, as Mrs. Marius had recommended. She stood aghast. Could it be possible that one week ago, she had looked with complacency upon those utterly unnatural groups of flowers? Even the "daub," as she persisted in calling it, which she held in her hand, was, as Mrs. Marius had assured her, better than they. She never felt so disheartened in all her life. At the same time she had never been pervaded with such an earnest desire to accomplish something with her brush. Should she give up, or should she persevere?

Mrs. Marius advised her to go on; for, whether she developed artistic abilities or not, she saw that the girl was growing intellectually under the discipline.

After a time, she ventured, with great misgivings, to try a landscape sketch from nature. It so happened that Mrs. Marius could not accompany her, and that lady did not greatly regret it, since she thought that Ernestine might derive more benefit from her unaided studies.

The girl herself made a pretty picture, as she sat in the edge of a grove, not far from Mrs. Marius's house, with a background of green and arching trees, her easel before her, and box of paints in her hand, and with leaves and grasses springing up around her. She looked out upon an open country for her landscape, with fields and meadows, and clumps of trees; a river gleaming in the distance, and a tangle of weeds and brambles in the foreground. If she had only known it, the landscape was an ambitious one for a first attempt; but it looked very simple to her, compared with the intricacies she had undertaken and succeeded in, under Miss Gray's guidance.

Ernestine was all unconscious that she had an observer that morning, and she toiled painfully—tempted sometimes to relinquish her work altogether—in attempts to copy bits of color in the landscape before her, which even Miss Gray's *chef d'ouvres* had never given her hints of. A young man, with the moderately long hair and careless freedom of costume which, to the initiated, betrays the artist, and with a sketching-box

under his arm, which proclaimed the fact more plainly, had been sketching that morning in this very grove, at a point not far removed from Miss Graham's position; and when he had finished his sketch, and was strolling leisurely along, looking out for another desirable bit of landscape to secure, he chanced to come in sight of a young lady engaged in a similar occupation.

The instinct to draw near a pretty girl, might have been sufficient to take him to her side without any excuse whatever. Probably it would have been; but the artistic instinct came to its aid, and both together made retreat impossible. So, after regarding her for a short time, he came forward boldly.

"As we are both artists," he said, bowing, as she started and blushed a little at his appearance, "I hope you will excuse my interruption. We belong to a guild which despises conventionalities."

Miss Graham was not at all sure that she belonged to any such guild; but she forgave, on other considerations, what she might have resented on his artistic presumptions alone.

"A very nice-looking young man," was her mental comment. "I wonder what he has been doing here? I really hope he won't come and look at my picture."

Meantime, the young man's thoughts were running as follows: "A pretty girl! I wonder what kind of a picture she paints? Nothing that amounts to anything, I'll wager."

Miss Graham bowed and smiled, and stammered forth some kind of an inconsequential answer.

"Can you tell me," asked the young man, suddenly struck with a happy thought, "where Mrs. Marius lives? She is an acquaintance; in fact, a brother—no, I should say, a sister artist; and as I know this is her neighborhood, I thought I would call and see her this morning."

"Oh, yes," Miss Graham answered with alacrity, feeling glad of some excuse to put up her work; "I will show you the way directly. She lives but a short distance from here."

"Don't be in such haste," interrupted the young man, drawing near; "there is plenty of time. Before you put up your picture, I am sure you will be kind enough to let me see it."

Ernestine would gladly have refused, if she could have done so without awkwardness; but she reluctantly allowed the young man to come to her side and glance at her picture.

"I was right about the picture. She's no artist, that's plain. But she's a pretty girl, all the same, and a very pretty one at that," was the young man's mental aside.

Conscious of her deficiencies—a consciousness which had been growing upon her day after day—she forgot the woman in the artist for once, and remembering that the stranger beside her had claimed to be an artist also, she turned to him with an earnest appeal for help.

"It is wretchedly done, I know. But I am trying so hard, and it is so difficult. Do tell me what is wrong."

If it had been a young, struggling artist of his

own sex who had thus appealed to him, the young man would probably have answered that it was all wrong, and wound up by advising him to give up painting altogether, and go to wood-chopping, or some other congenial occupation, for which he was undoubtedly better fitted. But what could a susceptible youth do, with a young and pretty girl looking at him with upturned blue eyes almost swimming in tears? Why, nothing but console her, and assure her that it was not so bad after all; indeed, wonderful, considering it was her first attempt at sketching from nature; and at last take her seat, and give touches here and there to the picture, trying to put some little semblance of nature into it.

"Oh, thank you, a thousand times thank you!" exclaimed Ernestine, in unrestrained gratitude at the visible improvement of her picture; "you have done just what I was trying to accomplish, but failed in entirely. Miss Gray taught me so differently. Ah!" The last was a sigh of regret over that acquired knowledge which proved of so little use to her.

The young man kept on touching the picture here and there. He decidedly liked the situation in which he might display his masculine abilities in favorable contrast with feminine ones—and where is the man who is not pleased at doing that?—and at the same time receive such hearty appreciation from such a charming young woman; and so he strove to prolong the interview as much as possible.

"I suppose I ought to introduce myself; but Mrs. Marius will do that for me by and by, when we go to her, and, I hope, give you a tolerably good account of me. If I thought she would not, I should not dare to trespass upon your attention now. Meantime, I may as well tell you, without any ceremony, that I am Frank Ingle, a young man who thinks he paints tolerably well now, but who is determined to paint a great deal better by and by."

"And I am Miss Graham, an acquaintance, and a kind of pupil of Mrs. Marius." (Aside by Mr. Ingle: "She don't do any great credit, artistically speaking, to her teacher.") "I don't paint very well now, and I think that I paint worse and worse every day. Oh, I'm so glad you have come!"

Miss Graham had never intended her ingenuous burst of pleasure to be interpreted as Frank Ingle, in his vanity, did interpret it. But perhaps it made no difference in the end.

Finally the young man relinquished to Miss Graham the seat before her easel, and, under his directions, she really did make considerable improvement in the painting, before she discovered it was time for her to return to Mrs. Marius, and was really astonished that it was so late.

When she went to her home that day, she took one long critical look at her former efforts, hanging up in the little parlor; and when she had finished, she deliberately turned them face to the wall—a supplementary proceeding to removing them from sight altogether. She seemed to have been born into a new world, and to have developed new senses, if not new faculties.

"Ah, if I could only paint as you!" she would say to Mrs. Marius; meaning she would not, in that case, grudge the labor or the disagreeabilities; and then she always added: "but I never shall!"

Need I give the details of the conclusion of my story? If Ernestine Graham never herself became an artist, she became, what the world needs quite as much, an appreciative and discriminating judge of artistic labors. The next best state to knowing that one can do any given thing, is to know that one cannot do it.

It may be that it was because the thought of Frank Ingle was so inextricably connected with this newly-acquired life, that she found it difficult to cast him out of her thoughts. But it is more difficult to account why, at about this period, she seemed to lose her dislike of turpentine and oil, and to endure it with seeming satisfaction. It may have had something to do with the peculiar development of her artistic nature. At all events, in course of time she became the assistant rather than the rival of an artist husband—as it will not be difficult to surmise the sequel of this morning's accidental encounter.

#### EVERY WRINKLE A LINE OF BEAUTY.

"I DON'T like old people," said a thoughtless young girl, "they are either cross, disagreeable or ugly."

"You have been very unfortunate in your chances of observation," replied a lady, sitting near her.

"It may be so, but I speak, at least, from experience. All the old people it has been my fortune, or misfortune, to meet, have been cross in temper and repulsive in appearance. I have an old aunt who is always associated in my mind with the Witch of Endor. From a child I have had a perfect horror of her. I doubt if she ever gave utterance to a kind or uncomplaining word in her life."

"You must not judge all by this aunt, my young friend," said the lady. "There are handsome and agreeable old people in the world, and not a few of them either, but many. Age does not necessarily sour the temper, nor mar the countenance. There is such a thing as 'growing old gracefully,' and the number of those who are thus advancing along the paths of life, I am pleased to say, are increasing yearly. I happen to have an old aunt also, but, so far from being a second Witch of Endor, I heard a gentleman, not many days ago, remark, in speaking of her, 'Why, every wrinkle in Mrs. Elder's face is a line of beauty.' And so it is; for every wrinkle there was born of patient endurance, or unselfish devotion to the good of others. I look at her dear old face often and often, and say to myself, 'Now, is she not handsome?'"

"I should really like to see your aunt," said the young girl, half skeptically.

"Come to my house to-morrow, and we will pay her a visit," answered the lady. "It will do both of us good."

"Thank you for the invitation. I will certainly call."

The next day came, and the young lady was early at the house of Mrs. Barton.

"Glad to see you, Kate," was the pleasant greeting she received. "We are to call on my Aunt Elder, I believe."

"Yes; you promised to introduce me to an old lady who, so far from being cross and ugly, is sweet-tempered and beautiful. The sweet temper I can imagine, but not a face wrinkled and beautiful at the same time."

"You shall see," was answered.

"Ah, good morning, Mary," said a low, but very pleasant and cheerful voice, as the two ladies entered the small but neat and orderly sitting-room of Mrs. Elder.

"My friend, Miss Kate Williams," said Mrs. Barton, presenting the young lady.

Mrs. Elder laid her knitting upon a table, close to her open Bible, and rising, took the hand of Miss Williams, looking earnestly into her young face as she did so, and smiling so sweet a welcome, that Kate did not see a wrinkle, for the beautiful light that shone from the old lady's placid countenance.

"I am always pleased to see young faces," said Mrs. Elder, "and to feel the warmth of young hearts."

"How are you to-day, aunt?" inquired Mrs. Barton.

"Not so well in body as when you were here last. I sleep but poorly."

Mrs. Elder smiled as if she were telling of enjoyments, and then added: "But this is only one of the penalties of age. I knew it must come, and long ago made up my mind to be patient and enduring. These are some of the light afflictions, lasting but for a moment, which, if borne in Christian meekness, help to work out for us that far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, to which the apostle refers in one of his sublime passages."

Miss Williams looked at the old lady half wonderingly.

"Always doing something, Aunt Elder," said Mrs. Barton, placing her hand upon the half-knit yarn stocking which the old lady had put aside as she rose to take the hand of Miss Williams. "Knitting, I suppose, has grown into a kind of habit. The act brings its own reward. It is your pleasant pastime."

"No, child, not my pleasant pastime, but my useful employment," answered Mrs. Elder. "I can't do much in this world for other people; still I can do a little, and I am thankful for the privilege; for I don't believe it is possible for anybody to be happy who is not engaged in some useful employment. I manage to keep the children of half a dozen poor families in warm stockings for the winter, and that is something added to the common stock of human comfort."

The eyes of Miss Williams were now fixed intently upon the old lady's age-marked features. Wrinkles went curving about her cheeks, her lips and chin, and wrinkles planted themselves deeply upon her forehead. Gray hairs were visible beneath her cap-border; her calm eyes lay far back in their hollow sockets; the symmetry of her



mouth was gone; and yet it seemed to the young girl, as she gazed at her wonderingly, as if every wrinkle in that aged face were indeed a line of beauty!

"But you must have a surer foundation for happiness than knitting stockings," said Mrs. Barton.

The old lady seemed thoughtful for a moment. She then said, with sweet impressiveness: "There is only one foundation upon which we can rest and find happiness, and that is God's love in the heart. The great question for us all is, How to obtain that love. It will not come at our command. We cannot drag it down from Heaven. We cannot find it, search we ever so diligently. God's love is God-given; and He bestows it only upon those who first have neighborly love. This is that higher love's receptacle in the human heart. First, love of the neighbor; then love of good, which is divine love in the soul, the sure foundation for abiding happiness. So you see, Mary, the value of even knitting stockings to one like me. It is useful work, and that, as the old monk said, is worship."

Miss Williams could not withdraw her eyes from the old lady's face. Its beauty and its goodness seemed to fascinate her. She was a girl of quick feelings and some enthusiasm. Suddenly rising from the chair she had taken a few moments before, she came forward, and stooping over Mrs. Elder, kissed her, almost reverently, on the forehead, saying, as she did so: "May I be like you when I grow old—every wrinkle in my face a line of beauty!"

"Grow old in goodness, my dear young friend!" answered Mrs. Elder, taking her hand tightly within her own, and speaking with emotion—for the young girl's sudden speech had stirred her feelings to an unusual depth—"Grow old in goodness, through the discipline of self-denial and the gentle leadings of neighborly love. It is the only path that conducts to a peaceful old age."

"Thanks for the lesson you have taught me," said Miss Williams, when she again clasped the hand of Mrs. Elder in parting. "I will try to grow old, as the years pass inevitably onwards, in the better way that you have walked. And may my last days be, like yours, my best days, and radiant with light shining down from the better world."

"I am a skeptic no longer" (she was now in the street with Mrs. Barton); "beauty and age are not incompatible."

"But the beauty of age," replied Mrs. Barton, "is unlike the beauty of youth; the one is natural, the other spiritual and celestial. The one is of the earth—earthly; the other is of the heavens—heavenly. An evil soul gradually mars the face, until every lineament becomes repulsive; but a soul of goodness continually recreates the countenance, and covers it with living beauty."

T. S. A.

THE fate which men receive is on the whole the fate which most men merit; and, though it is not always the rule, it is for the most part true that the success which is deserved is also the success that is commanded.

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## THE STORY OF A FASHION HOUSE.

A GREAT statesman once said, "The man who shall be so fortunate as to discover a method by which to lessen the toil of his fellows and relieve their hitherto overburdened lives, will be a preserver and ennobler of his race."

Fifteen years ago the paper models by which ladies endeavored to shape their garments into something resembling the outlines of the human figure, were about as rudely carved, and about as remote from their intention, as were the Phœnician effigies which were dignified by the name of statuary three thousand years ago. That we did not more keenly feel the want of exact patterns of styles, is no more singular than that we felt no appreciable need of a telegraph or locomotive until we came into full possession of them. Then our requirements grew, although we had previously existed without such conveniences.

As we measure distance no longer by miles, but by the hours required to span it, so we shall soon count the length of our life, not by the ancient three score and ten, which were mostly spent in the slow processes of providing for the urgent necessities of our being, but by what we have accomplished in our time through modern inventions and appliances, which have so lengthened our real life that we may very properly consider ourselves perfect Methuselahs. At any rate, we have discovered some processes which make living in this world worth prolonging.

The "all work and no play" destinies of the larger number of women are mostly over. Inventive ingenuity has provided such facile, speedy and agreeable methods for the accomplishment of their industrial duties, that the majority of women have time in which to grow beautiful and be happy. Indeed, it has become a common remark that the middle-age females of to-day, among the medium classes, are fresher and younger by ten or even twenty years, than were their grandmothers at the same period of life; and it is to the skill of the discoverer of "ways and means" that they are indebted for their retained youth and their increased delight in living.

Simple skill of the fingers is acquired by practice; and there comes a time quite early in the experience of the seamstress when she can perform her labor, provided her work be all prepared for her, while her thoughts "wander away at their own sweet will," with her seam growing just as rapidly and as correctly as if she were giving her entire mind to it, and was wearied and worried over her sewing. To devise a *style*, or to *shape* a garment, is quite a different thing, or at least it was once upon a time, and not very long ago, either. It was a task so exceedingly difficult of accomplishment to non-professional wardrobe-makers, that under the torture of indecision and misdirected energies there grew wrinkles in pretty faces, while petulance and ill-temper took the places of the rose-leaves and honey of youth. It was not the seamstress who was tormented with the anxiety of "how to do it," but it was the woman that cut and fitted her own and her children's garments, who felt the thorns of care

and responsibility pricking most persistently and painfully.

The necessary weariness of providing and adapting, of cutting and fitting garments for the household, is nearly all gone; and the matron, who well remembers the time when she worried over the small garments of her children, and was terrified when shirt-making came round, and grew petulant and exhausted over her own uncut costumes, has renewed her youth, since all the required forms of clothing in their various changes and evolutions have come to the tips of her scissors, with no information lacking, no suggestions omitted and no directions forgotten. She does not quote the words of Tennyson's truant from Locksley Hall, when he exclaimed:

"Better fifty years of Europe  
Than a cycle of Cathay."

But she fully adopts the sentiment and thanks the providers of exact patterns.

The firm who originated the plan to which we refer has done quite as much to make woman's life tolerable, as the inventor of the sewing-machine; and immeasurably more than any other deviser of machinery which lightens the toil and smooths the friction of unskilled, domestic service. Fifteen years ago they began the work of furnishing *exact models for all the new and prevailing styles of female attire*. It was, of course, a small beginning compared with after-results. They were obliged by slow processes to compel the world of women to discover their own necessities, showing them, little by little, how easy it is to be exact and certain, how exhaustive to be doubtful, and how very expensive to be mistaken, especially when the mistake involves loss of material and waste of energy!

A quaint old proverb tells us that "seeing is believing;" and certainly the superior methods of cutting and fitting garments which this associated talent provides for the scissors of the clothes-making masses, are in themselves an instance where experience only results in an abiding faith. The models introduced by this firm appeared to the stranger's eyes of no more value in the matter of satisfactory exactness and adaptability than were many others which immediately followed in their wake, but full and complete tests at once explained their trustworthiness of form, even where their superior elegance of style and their peculiar adaptation to the wants of a civilized people were unconsidered.

"This great world was rounded and hardened by slow degrees," says the Geologist; but it required only a decade and a half for this pattern-producing firm to inspire the more intelligent part of two continents with a confident expectation of a satisfactory result, if they shaped their garments by the models which it provided for them.

The writer remembers being greatly surprised at that which seemed an immense business and an interminable array of models, when this house was only about five years old. The establishment then occupied a second and a third floor of No. 589 Broadway, New York, and the leading dry-goods houses even at that time felt its power so profoundly, that it was frequently begged not to

issue models for which certain of their fabrics could not be used. The merchants dreaded the possibility of their goods being refused, and of their lying unpurchased through the season when their attractiveness was at its highest. But a little while afterward, and this firm proceeded to occupy the seven entire stories of a building extending from block to block in one of the busiest portions of Broadway. By this time nothing which the house could do in the way of artistic, industrial and commercial advancement surprised anybody. New York had become accustomed to its strides!

Somebody has facetiously explained that "nothing is so successful as success." This is especially true of these Fashion-furnishers. Of course, they became a superb target for less fortunate, or, I should say, less capable followers in the business, and what could not be done in the way of honorable rivalry was attempted by plagiarisms, traducing and various other means known to the unworthy and the incapable. These little obstacles failed to retard the progress of this astonishing enterprise. Its announcements became, and have continued to be, *law*, and its productions of novel styles were, and are, accepted as soon as announced. At present their resident agent in Paris keeps them advised of and provided with the very latest designs of the European dress-loving world; and, with an autocratic discretion, born of native artistic knowledge, they reproduce them, or design other styles for themselves; or, possibly, evolve something from the Parisian, which is better adapted to popular requirements than the original, and upon which the leading fashionables, and also all practical people, generally place the seal of approval.

"Carrying coals to Newcastle," or, to express it classically, "sending owls to Athens," has for some time been the frequent explanatory exclamation of Americans, who visit Paris, and find now and then familiar designs from this establishment offered to them as original French fashions and represented as the latest and freshest from the brain of Madame La Mode!

Of course, this firm desire to provide styles for the small minorities as well as for the great majorities of the people, and it requires no very sharp perception in looking over their voluminous illustrated catalogues, to discover "which models belong to which." To provide for all, is their aim; and they reach it even at their own cost, no matter what the wide diversity of tastes and requirements may be.

A lady enters their handsome store at No. 555 Broadway, New York, which is mostly devoted to their wholesale business; but neither the quiet, methodical processes of measuring their patrons and furnishing the required models, nor the busy groups who are filling letter-orders, can acquaint the visitor with the immensity of the business. She cannot, even by contemplating this vast and costly space, reach anything like a proper estimate of the number of its workers, nor the amount of labor accomplished from the sub-cellar up to the roof of this seven-floored building. Her imagination pauses on the hitherside of a greater share of

the interesting details which make this business the great successful concern that it is.

A comprehension of the wants of their patrons is their first consideration. To meet these wants promptly and exactly is the second. To inculcate economy and compel it to harmonize with refined taste, is not by any means the least difficult of their purposes and expectations, even though they are convinced that the latter project is very slow, even slower than any of their other devices!

To give remunerative occupation to women is a natural consequence of their entire business, although these gentlemen are unwilling to wear the laurel of disinterested philanthropy, which less modest people would flaunt in the face and eyes of the world, if they were occupying the same helpful attitude toward those who are just beginning to taste the sweets of an industrial independence. If the majority of my readers were fond of statistics, it would be pleasant to discover just how many hundreds of men and women find daily bread—yes, and butter also—in this establishment and in its necessary dependencies. They include writers of instructive articles upon fashions, descriptions of designs and explanations of patterns; editors and proof-readers; correspondents, salesmen and saleswomen; travelling agents and resident agents; to say nothing of the clerks and bookkeepers in the counting-rooms. Then there are the originators of styles, and after these the fitters, who are busily engaged in reproducing the designs in cloth upon living models, which range from the perfectly proportioned woman, miss and girl to the little child. Following these are the artists, who handle the sketch-book and pencil to copy the completed cloth patterns. There are also the draughtsmen on wood, and then the engravers, the printers and type-setters, the binders, and their assistants and messengers.

After leaving the fitter and artist, the cloth-models go to those mysterious individuals to whom has been entrusted the firm's secret of grading the perfectly proportioned garment up to a heroic size, and down to the shape of the tiny woman. With them rests the pivot upon which the perfection of the Butterick patterns so easily swings, and which, in the language of the facetious Dundreary, "is one of those things that no fellow can find out." It is this hidden knowledge, belonging exclusively to this firm, without which their patterns would be as impractical as are many others, which, if they have not increased, certainly have not diminished, the numbers of those who have experienced a great deal of worry and distress over their domestic duties.

In the factory, where the thousands of these perfect models are reproduced in paper, are many more men, women and boys, all employed upon the details of their preparation. Throughout the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada and the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the agents and their salespeople aggregate another vast number who are both busy and prosperous; and all this success radiates from the small beginnings which fifteen years ago started

in a little store on Broadway. Pray observe that I have not gone back for numbers to the paper-makers who supply the requisite quantities for models and for the printing department, nor to the many other industries which are more or less connected with, and benefited by, this enterprise.

I may state, however, in a general way, that upwards of four hundred persons are employed in and about the main office and sales-rooms at No. 555 Broadway, in the printing department on Wooster Street, and at the factory in Brooklyn. In the United States there are about two thousand five hundred agencies, and in the provinces of Canada there are between two and three hundred more.

The enterprise thus hastily sketched contains all the elements of prosperity. It does good to itself by doing worthy work for others, and in the domestic horizon has created a dawn for self-helpful women, who, before the advent of this new method of simplifying work, never knew any leisure for hands or brain. Through such assistants their toil has been abbreviated and beautified, while the personal appearance of themselves and their children has changed from ill-shapen awkwardness to charming grace and picturesqueness!

## LEAD ME.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

MY days go briefly past  
In silence, one by one;  
What shadows have they cast  
Beneath the sun?

Have pilgrims found them sweet  
By lengthened ways,  
And, resting weary feet,  
Thanked God with praise?

Upon these hours of mine  
Hang great demands;  
What task of faith divine  
Hath crossed these hands?

Have they drawn folds of calm  
Some heart around,  
Or touched with pity's balm  
A rugged wound?

I am thine own, O God,  
To serve each day;  
Wherein thy feet hath trod—  
Point out the way!

TO HOLD book-knowledge, as we have it today, in contempt, is as absurd as it would be for a man to avail himself only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclusively by his own arms; for that experience, which in exclusion of all other knowledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the present day scarcely worthy of the name—at least for those who are to act in the higher and wider spheres of duty.—SIR ALEXANDER BALL.

## MISS HONOR'S PATIENTS.

A FEW miles to the north-west of Dublin, reside a set of people as primitive as any to be met with in the wilds of Connemara. Any one who has not lived amongst them can hardly realize the extraordinary distinctness of the idiosyncrasies characterizing the inhabitants of the different hamlets. These are indeed so strongly marked, that even the phrases used in one place are seldom heard in the next village. The hamlet of Duntobber is no exception to this rule. In constant intercourse with Ireland's chief city, working in the houses and upon the land of the surrounding gentry, yet the aborigines of Duntobber obstinately refuse to accept civilization and to become as other people are. They have their own peculiar old-world ways of doing things; they hold their own traditions upon certain subjects; and if any one of an innovating turn of mind tries to reason them out of their prejudices, they invariably quote the untimely fate, or the entire frustration of the hopes, of some weak-minded neighbor, who allowed himself or herself to be seduced into trying "these new-fangled ways."

From the foregoing remarks, it must not be inferred that the people in question are by any means stupid. Far from it. They each and all possess in a remarkable degree that species of shrewdness which seems peculiar to the Irish peasant. Their odd witty sayings and quaint remarks can hardly be excelled for point and originality. A chief peculiarity of theirs is that they commonly settle amongst themselves the affairs of their upper-class neighbors, and bitterly resent any deviation from the line of conduct they may think fit to point out.

The news of the probable resignation of the dispensary doctor was received with marked disapprobation by the gossips of Duntobber. For thirty-five years had Dr. Boyce faithfully labored amongst them. A jovial, kind-hearted little man, he understood their peculiarities, and humored them. Every man, woman and child in the parish was on speaking terms with him. He knew all their affairs: alternately scolded or sympathized with them. But the hand of age was beginning to lie heavily upon him, and at length the old doctor was obliged to resign. The dispensary tickets for Duntobber district are issued by a Mr. Kirwan, the owner of the hamlet and the land surrounding it. At least, said gentleman is commonly supposed to dispense them; but finding the recitals of the various symptoms of the applicants rather more than he has the patience to listen to, he usually contents himself by signing the books of tickets, and giving them into the care of his daughter Honor. She is a merry, good-looking girl of about one-and-twenty, and an especial favorite of Dr. Boyce's. He has known Honor from her birth; and she, knowing she is a privileged person, often wickedly tries his patience by giving verbatim, upon the tickets, the words of the patients.

It is a "dispensary morning" in early March, and Honor sits in the breakfast-room in Duntobber House, whilst the applicants for tickets are one by one ushered in.

"Well, Molly—how are you to-day?"

"Throth, only middlin', Miss Honor. I kem for another ticket, miss."

"Why, Molly, you don't want a second one. You had a ticket on Tuesday. What did the doctor say to you?"

"Faith, I dunno, miss. Shure he didn't know what was the matther wid me at all; so I jist want yeh t' write it down more perticklar this time."

"I cannot possibly do so, Molly," says Miss Honor, too well accustomed to such requests to feel even amused by them. "Did Dr. Boyce give you any physic?"

"Yis, honey—yis; but the sorra taste o' good it did me."

"You don't know. You might have been worse if you hadn't taken it."

"The nerra fear o' me, miss; shure, here it is."

And from beneath her apron Molly produces a pint bottle of some whitish fluid. "I knewn it wouldn't do me no good, Miss Honor, so where was the use in dhriinkin' it?"

Miss Honor sits with a perfectly imperturbable countenance, and says severely: "Well, really, Molly, you ought to have had more sense. Do you fancy you know better than the doctor?"

"There now, Miss Honor, jewil! Yer gettin' crass, an' all for nothin' at all—only a bottle av dirty physie! Ye'll give us another ticket, honey," she continues, insinuatingly, "an' yeh'll put in it that the doethor didn't know what was the matter wid me the last time, an' that me ailment is the same as Peggy Cluskey's, an' that I want a good rattlin' bottle av black-lookin' physie like hers? It was grand stuff, miss. Peggy went t' bed, an' tuk it; and in less nor no time there was a drop o' sweat an the ind av ivry hair an her head."

"Don't be ridiculous, Molly! Go and tell that to the doctor yourself. Go now; there are others waiting to be attended to."

"I'm goin', Miss Honor, darlint—I'm goin', agra! But shure yer goin' t' give me the laist taste o' writin' for the doethor?"

Knowing from experience that she may as well yield, Miss Honor writes a few lines in which she strictly adheres to Molly's statement. The latter goes on her way rejoicing, and the next applicant for relief is ushered in. She is a tall, untidy, elderly woman, with a swarthy skin, piercing blue-black eyes and grizzled hair, almost concealed beneath a large white cap with deep muslin borders. It is the kind of cap invariably worn by the real Irish country-women; the only head-gear which bears the least resemblance to it being the high cap worn by the Norman peasantry. Bridget Morris's cap consists of thick white muslin, the head-piece cut in such a way that it extends back and is joined at the nape of the neck. In the circle thus formed there is inserted a very full muslin crown or "caul;" muslin frills elaborately got up with the "tally," and muslin strings, constitute the washing materials of which it is composed. But one important item must not be overlooked. This is the ribbon which usually decorates such a cap. It is invariably of the most hideous plaid pattern. The bearers must have some way of procuring the adornment "for love,"



for we can confidently affirm we have never seen its like offered for money. This ribbon is usually, about two inches broad, and is, without exception, put on in the following manner: First it is carefully pinned exactly upon the seam where the head-piece is joined behind, then brought right round the top of the head until the seam is again reached; here the ribbon receives a fold exactly like that in a surgical bandage—again it is brought round the head, and pinned securely over the opposite ear. In justice to Irish women of this class, it must be admitted that the mutations of fashion seldom affect them. An Irish peasant woman looks with awe and admiration upon the tasteful, fashionable dress of a *lady*, but it seldom enters her head that such attire would be suited to her; indeed, we could name one woman of this class in Duntobber, who ran the risk of losing her reputation merely because she was the possessor of a green silk gown! When an Irish farmer gets on in the world, his wife does not ape the newest London or Paris fashions; her clothing may be of finer materials than heretofore, but they are the same time-honored kind of materials, and always made in the same fashion.

But this is a digression from Bridget Morris, the wife of Con Morris the bellows-maker. Bridget is a power in Duntobber; unlike the generality of women of her class in Ireland, she has no respect for her superiors; and the priest, the doctor, and even Miss Honor herself, not unfrequently receive from her what she graphically calls "the linth an' breth av her tongue." Her audacity is proverbial, and her powers of rhetoric would fill a Billingsgate fish-wife with envy. Secretly, Miss Honor is rather afraid of Bridget, and in an abject and cowardly manner writes down whatever symptoms the virago may think fit to detail. Other patients may be managed; Bridget Morris is unmanageable.

"It's not for meself I want the ticket, Miss Honor," she says, in reply to that young lady's interrogations; "its for Con, the omadhawn!"

"I'm sorry to hear that," returns Miss Honor, with whom simple, good-natured, credulous Con is a favorite.

"Keep yer pity for them that wants it," retorts the virago irascibly; "Con catthed cowl'd be his own gallivantin'! Will yeh write the ticket, Miss Honor?"

"Certainly, Bridget; what am I to say?" asks Miss Honor, in a cowardly tone; "how old is Con?"

"Fifty, or thereabouts," responds Bridget, in an off-hand manner.

"Fifty," repeats Miss Honor as she writes.

"Or thereabouts," amends Bridget, emphatically, and adding warningly: "Mind, Miss Honor, Tom Blake can read writin', an' av yeh don't put down exact what yer towld, I'll tell the docthor an yeh—so put down the 'thereabouts,' for Con might be sixty for all I know!"

With a mirthful twinkle in her eye, Miss Honor obeys.

"Now read it, miss," demands Bridget.

"Age—fifty, or thereabouts; might be sixty for all his wife knows," gravely reads Miss Honor.

"Och! shure, that's splendid! the docthor can't make no mistake now."

"But what is the matter with Con, Bridget?"

"I'm comin' t' that, Miss Honor, I'm comin' t' that. First an' foremost he has a quareness in his head, an' a rumblin' an' rowlin' in his inside; an' his brathin's short, miss, for all the wurruld like an ould bellis athout a snout. Put that all down, miss, for Con said himself that's exact how he felt, an' sure he ought to' know, miss, bein' a bellis-maker."

Afraid to trust herself to make an answer, Miss Honor writes in silence; as she pauses, Bridget asks: "Is that all down, miss?"

"Yes; don't you think it is enough to say?"

"Arrah, Miss Honor, that's not the half av it! Say his skin's as hot as a biled platee."

"Skin burning," writes Miss Honor.

"Is that done, miss?"

"Yes—skin burning."

"Put like a hot platee!" says Bridget, peremptorily; "shure, how's the docthor t' know av yeh don't tell him?"

"There's no more room on the ticket, Bridget."

"Thim that med thim ought t' make thim bigger thim!" retorts Bridget, adding, "Yeh'll come up an' see Con, Miss Honor?"

"Certainly, after you come and tell me if the doctor says I may."

"He may tell us t' put an a blisither, or a poultice, an' av coorse yeh'll come an' do it, Miss Honor?"

"To be sure," replies the young lady, unconcernedly. Miss Honor is looked upon as being the doctor's assistant and the common property of the hamlet.

Two hours have passed away. Miss Honor looks toward the gate, and seeing Bridget advancing in an excited manner, she naturally concludes Con must be worse. On benevolent thoughts intent, the young lady advances toward her, and is unfeignedly astonished to hear Bridget exclaim: "Throth an' faith, Miss Honor, it's Docthor Boyce ought t' be ashamed av himself!"

"Why?—what's the matter now?" asks Miss Honor, as she quietly divests herself of her gardening gloves.

"Matther enough!" cries the virago. "Why, afther Docthor Boyce makin' his livin' out av us for thirty odd years, he pays us the disrespect av puttin' a young chap into the dispisary."

"What!" exclaims Miss Honor, in dismay, as she thinks of some half-dozen verbatim tickets which she has written that morning; "surely the new doctor has not come. We heard nothing about it from Dr. Boyce, and he was here the other day. We knew there was a new doctor to be appointed soon, but did not know he had come yet."

"Deed an' he's there, Miss Honor—a sawney-lookin' chap, not a bit bigger nor me own Mick."

"Dr. Boyce is not very big either," remarks Miss Honor, apologetically.

"But av he's little, he's ould, an' he has the larnin'," is the sententious reply.

"Oh! well, you mustn't take a dislike to the new doctor because he's not very tall. You know I'm not very big myself, Bridget."

"No, indeed, miss," says Bridget, with a keen glance at the young lady; "an' whin ye wor a weeshy, dawney little thing, I thought yeh'd be a fine girl, but throth, Miss Honor, yeh grew up mighty brief ather all."

"Yes, indeed," says Miss Honor, too well accustomed to these personal remarks to take umbrage at them. "Is the doctor—the new doctor, I mean—coming to see Con?"

"Yis, he's comin'," replies Bridget, with an aggrieved air, "but I'm thinkin' the nerra much use he'll be."

After-events prove that Dr. Walker is inclined to consider himself an exquisite, and to look with a certain amount of disgust upon his decidedly eccentric patients: a state of affairs they are not by any means slow to discover. Naturally, he wants to mould them to his way of thinking and managing matters; whilst, on the other hand, they have not the slightest intention of being shunted out of their customary groove.

Miss Honor, too, is beginning to act strangely; she actually refuses to write the verbatim dispensary tickets, the result being that they all look askance at her, and decide she has become a traitor, has gone over to the enemy, and panders to the depraved taste and "new-fangled ways" of the new doctor.

"Well, Miss Honor, the short an' the long av it is that we don't think the new docthor'll shoot us by no manner o' manes. We do be all talkin' a power about it; an' yeh see, Miss Honor, he doesn't undherstand our ailments."

"That's nonsense, Con."

"Not a bit av it, Miss Honor. Shure, he doesn't give us no medicine at all hardly."

"Well, perhaps that is Dr. Walker's way of curing people. Perhaps he does not approve of much medicine."

"It won't do, Miss Honor—it won't do," says Con, shaking his head gravely; "but listen t' me, agra. The docthor doesn't undherstand our ailments, an' you do, miss. An' shure, miss, Bridget an' a lot of the wimmin wint up t' the dispinsary this mornin', an' towld the docthor that the only thing for him t' do is for you an' him t' put up yer horses t'gether."

Miss Honor looks aghast. She knows that to put up their horses together is the vernacular for being married. Incapable of giving a coherent answer, she stares wrathfully at Con, who continues, deliberately: "They towld him, Miss Honor, that it 'ud be a good thing for him, for you knewn a power about our ailments, an' eud put him in an thim; an' that we'd spake t' yeh, miss, an' that av yeh wor agreeable, we'd be willin' t' give him another thrial."

No remark from Miss Honor.

"An', 'pon me conscience," continues Con, charitably and insinuatingly, "he's not bad t' look at, an' he has a dacent little place an' a nice bit o' land; av coorse, the mather'll give yeh a bit o'

money, Miss Honor, so that, faith, we think yeh eud be very comfortable."

Not daring to trust herself to make any reply, Miss Honor decamps precipitately, and walks quickly in the direction of home. Her cheeks are flaming with indignation, the more so because she knows that remonstrance of any kind would be useless. The inhabitants of Duntobber simply could not be made to understand what grounds she could possibly have for resenting their interest in her settlement in life. At this stage of her reflections a turn in the road brings her face to face with Dr. Boyce.

"Well, my pet," says the old man, in his customary cheery voice; "and where are you coming from?"

"I have just been to see Con Morris," is the reply, whilst the color mounts to her forehead.

There is a mischievous twinkle in the old man's eye as he says, interrogatively: "Then I presume you have heard of the deputation to the dispensary. Poor Walker," continues the old man, with a chuckle of intense enjoyment, "is nearly at his wits' end amongst all the women."

"It's horrible!" exclaims Miss Honor, with quivering lips. "Of course Dr. Walker doesn't understand what an extraordinary set of people they are in Duntobber. What *will* he think of me?"

"Make your mind perfectly easy, my child," says the old man, looking very knowing. "Time will tell what his opinion is. Judging by my own feelings, I'd rather marry a female gorilla than incur the wrath of Bridget Morris."

We have the information from the most authentic source that, not long afterwards, Dr. Walker formally and legally took Miss Honor as a partner, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of Duntobber, who freely expressed their opinion to him, that—"He wasn't half good enough for Miss Honor; but she was borned an' rared among thim, an' knewn their ways an' their ailments; an' it 'ud go hard on her, but she'd make a man av him yit."

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk  
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;  
There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
Scarce cools me. All is silent save the faint  
And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again  
Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
Feel the too potent fervors, the tall maize  
Rolls up its long, green leaves; the clover droops  
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,  
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light  
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,  
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—  
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops  
Shining in the far ether—fire the air  
With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
The gazer's eye away.—BRYANT.

## Religious Reading.

### THE LORD'S SPECIAL CARE OVER US.

IF the Lord is omniscient, He must know every thought in the mind of every human being, even before it is expressed. He must know every tendency of our natures far better than we can know it. He must know us perfectly at every particular moment, which even we do not, much less those who hear our words. When the Lord was upon the earth, "He knew what was in man," and He can hardly know less now.

He must, of course, know us personally, because no two persons are alike. He must see every shade of difference which distinguishes one person from another. "Even the very hairs of our head are numbered." His knowledge is individual and particular; it extends to infinitesimal details in all their forms and relations, and possibilities to eternity. He knows what there is in us which is in harmony with Him, and what there is which is opposed to the principles of His Divine order. As He loves us with an infinite love, He must sympathize with us more profoundly and tenderly than any human being can. He knows not only our troubles, but the cause of them, and He is doing all in His power not only to relieve us from the particular trouble, but from its cause.

The true and only way to think of the Lord is to think of Him as a person in His glorified humanity. It is as easy to think of Him as a person, by which we mean a being in the human form, as it was for His disciples to think of Him as a person when He was with them upon the earth. The true and only way we know of gaining a true conception of the Lord—one which is adequate to His infinite perfections we can never attain—is to think of Him as He has revealed Himself to us in the New Testament. "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father. How sayest thou, then, Show us the Father."

The universe is a form of the Divine love, and an embodiment of the Divine wisdom; it is the means which infinite love, guided by infinite wisdom, has provided for the highest good of man. It may be regarded as a machine, always working in the same way; but not as one created in the beginning of time, wound up and set running, like a clock. It is constantly created. The Divine love and care for us is unremittently expressed by it, and just as fully and tenderly expressed as it would be if we were the only created beings in the universe, and its whole mighty frame work was created for our special benefit. It is what the Lord is doing for us to-day. It is not constantly changing, because it is specifically adapted to all human wants by infinite wisdom, and infinite wisdom cannot do any better to-day than it did yesterday. It would not do to change the constitution of the atmosphere, because it is now perfectly adapted to the nature of the lungs, and to all the wants of the body. To change the nature of light would destroy all power of seeing. The same principle is true of all human relations to the material universe.

If we put all questions of time aside, and think that every means of existence, of comfort, happiness and growth of body and mind are the Lord's special gift, special adaptation of means to secure our highest good to-day, and will think of Him as an infinitely glorious Divine man, providing and bestowing all these gifts without any intermission, as one who knows every want, and is in the constant effort to supply it, many difficulties will be removed. If there is a sincere and earnest effort to discover what the Divine laws are, and to live according to them, all difficulties will vanish, and the soul will come into beautiful accord with the Lord, and there will no longer be any doubt about His personal knowledge of us, and of his special care for us.

## Mothers' Department.

### "ONE OF THESE DAYS."

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"WHEN, mother?"

"Oh! one of these days."

Arthur and Jenny had been promised a visit to the seashore, and allotted upon it, after the manner of children, with all their hearts. They had a few shells which some friend had given them, and every day these were looked over and played with, as they talked gleefully together of gathering more for themselves—of seaweed, pebbles and coral, runs on the beach, and even sand-pies.

"What are you doing, child?" questioned Mrs. West, one morning, as she came into the room, and found Jenny with a wash-bowl, half-filled, on the floor, a range of blocks piled up irregularly by it, and her doll, cloaked and hooded, sitting there. "Seems to me Rosalie looks rather lonely and forlorn."

"She isn't Rosalie now, mamma," replied the little girl; "she's Gretchen on the rocks, watching for her brother Carl—don't you remember? He'll come, one of these days," unconsciously using her mother's wonted expression.

Mrs. West smiled at the fancy, but it passed out

of her mind, and she failed to read the hint it should have conveyed, of the strength of her child's desire for the promised pleasure, the confidence with which she anticipated it.

A large part of Arthur's play-time, too, was spent in making and sailing little vessels and boats; and it was not the first time he had asked:

"When, mother?"

"Perhaps next week," said Jenny, contentedly, as she heard her mother's indefinite reply, and she began arranging her doll's wardrobe with reference to a journey.

But they did not go that week nor the next, though for no particular reason. Mrs. West had been at the seaside so often herself, that to her it was, as she would have said, "an old story;" and, though intending to gratify her children, she did realize how long her delay seemed to them, and had an indefinite purpose of going some time, when perfectly convenient.

"What's this, Emily, about the seashore?" asked Mr. West, one morning at table, when Arthur had mentioned some little plan of his own, adding, "When we've been to the beach."

"If you are going this season, it must be within a few days; the weather will change soon," he said, when his wife had replied to his question.

"I remember having proposed it a month ago, but you seemed rather indifferent, and I did not know you had promised the children."

"Well, perhaps the first of next week."

"Can you not get ready by to-morrow or next day?"

"Oh, not very well. Next week will be time enough."

"Monday, then," said Mr. West, with good-natured positiveness; and the children were delighted with the definite prospect.

Monday was rainy. And the evening mail brought a letter heralding a friend's coming for a visit of some weeks.

"I am sorry, children," said Mrs. West, "but I don't see any help for it. Next summer will soon come round."

"It is a pity to disappoint them so much," her husband remarked, when the little folks were in bed. "Do let us make sure of two weeks at Nantasket, at least, early next summer. But couldn't you now go to Chelsea for a day?"

"Oh, that isn't worth while. Mrs. Linton wouldn't care to go. And it is about as much trouble as going for a fortnight. Just think, too, of the time spent on the way—an hour going to Boston, more than that in the horse-cars, and the same returning; about two hours would be left for the beach. It is not at all worth while," she repeated; "next summer will soon be here."

"Soon to you, dear; not just the same to them," returned Mr. West; but the color heightened in his wife's face, and he did not farther press the matter.

Summer came again; and up and down the sunny Nantasket beach Mrs. West rode with her children in a pony-carriage. But there were no races for the little boy on the shore, or wild scramble over the rocks, no wading, with bare, tiny feet into the cool surf, or gathering shells and seaweed. None of these; for poor Arthur had slipped on the ice the past winter, and severely lamed one limb and hip.

"He might outgrow it in a measure," the physician said, "his boyhood was in his favor, and salt water and fresh sea-breezes would strengthen and help him."

But his mother thought, with keen self-reproach, even while she tried, by every means in her power, to make his visit pleasant, that he might outgrow childhood's desires and buoyant life before he would be strong again; and much that she could have given him was certainly lost. Jenny's pleasure, too, was lessened more than half, in that her brother could not share her plays and rambles. And another thought pressed often home upon the mother's mind and heart—of a heavier trial that *might have been*—that would have made "one of these days" forever too late.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

MARMONTEL.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

I WANT to tell you about a little French boy, who lived over a hundred years ago, in the reign of Louis XV. His name was Jean François Marmontel. He was a peasant's son, but worked his way up to fortune, and went to court, and became a great scholar, and wrote books and stories that made him famous. He had a simple, honest heart, and loved to talk of his early home and his dear parents, and never forgot what he owed them, or how happy he had been in his childhood. And it is this, more than anything else, that makes one love him and feel such an interest in his writings.

He was born at Bort, on the river Dordogne, in the south of France. Bort is a little village lying at the foot of a precipice, and looks at first as if the rocks above would tumble down and crush it. But once descend, and the danger is forgotten. For the valley opens out into lovely meadows and sloping fields, and everything puts on a smiling aspect. Each foot of land is carefully worked by the peasants. They are poor, yet cheerful, and look up to God with simple faith just as they would to a loving Father.

Marmontel himself tells the story of his childhood. He was the eldest of a large family. His grandmother, great-grandmother and three great-aunts, all lived with his parents. Wasn't that a houseful? And there was only his father to earn food and clothes for these five old women and a host of children. But then, the dear grandmother knew how to manage, and they always had plenty to eat and wear. "I think I see her yet," says Marmontel, "the good little old woman! the bright nature that she had! the gentle gaiety!" Of course he was petted, as grandchildren are, or he wouldn't have written that. And yet, she didn't spoil him, for he never forgot her, or spoke of her slightly.

Would you like to know how they used to live?

They had a little farm, a garden and an orchard, and the three supplied all their wants. On the farm they raised the grain out of which their bread and cakes were made; in the garden, vegetables; and in the orchard, apples, quinces and pears. They kept bees, too, and the grandmother made delicious preserves of honey and fruit.

There was always a fire to keep them warm and do their cooking. Fuel cost nothing. In the woods were plenty of twigs and old dead boughs, waiting to be gathered, and, oh, how they'd roar, and crackle, and blaze up the chimney!

On the farm was a flock of sheep, and the little old women used to spin the wool, and make of it the nicest, and warmest, and softest clothes. And they raised their own hemp, and spun it also, for underwear.

The hemp had to be beaten first, and this was done by the children in the evening. Their playmates would sometimes come in to help. For light, they had the oil of walnuts, which burns nicely and with a pleasant odor. Of course, the walnuts came from their own trees. They used to fry buckwheat cakes in this oil, and I've no doubt they were delicious with honey spread thickly on the top.

But I must tell you what a treat the grandmother sometimes gave them all. You wouldn't have cared for it, perhaps, but these little peasants did, and thought no one ever had such a grandmother as theirs. And unless little things make us happy, great ones never will—remember that.

Well, now, what did she do? Imagine a great fire roaring up the chimney, and a pot hung over it, full of sweet chestnuts, boiling and hissing! Watch the eager faces gathered around it, and the dear grandmother, busy and smiling. How cosy and comfortable they all look!

But what is that she slips under the hot ashes? Nothing but a quince, little reader, to be roasted, and then divided among the children. Ah! what a treat! Of course, it wouldn't have tasted half as



good if it had been roasted at any other time, or in any other way.

Little Marmontel had one playfellow whom he loved best of all. And what do you think he admired in this playfellow most? His exquisite neatness. There was never a stain on his books, his dress was always fresh, his linen white. He was studious, too, and quite a little gentleman, though only the son of a laborer.

Marmontel sometimes went home with his friend on a visit. The white-haired old father received them gladly, "And, oh!" says Marmontel, "the good cream, the good brown bread he gave us!"

These little French children knew how to honor old age. And they had loving hearts and right thoughts, and it was this that made them so polite and respectful to one another and to their elders.

I haven't told you of Marmontel's mother. Every one loved her, she had a temper so sweet, and a heart so affectionate. His father was a little severe, but for all that kind and good. It must have been a delightful family, taken altogether.

This is enough for one time about Marmontel. But I should like you to remember the story when you are cross and discouraged, for it's a true one, and shows the worth of a sunshiny spirit.

### THE CROWS AND THE WOODPECKER.

WHEN will wonders cease among those wonderful creatures, the birds? writes a traveler in California. Perhaps the birds are brighter than those of the same kind elsewhere, but if you can tell a bird story to beat this I should like to hear it.

On our way to Yosemite Valley we noticed the immense trunks of what we should call "big trees" in New England, but the ordinary pine growth of the Sierra Nevadas, filled from top to bottom with holes bored with the accuracy and precision of the truest auger, and within each hole closely fitted to a considerable depth an acorn which none of our skill or strength could extract. We asked our driver what this meant. Smiling at our ignorance, he told us this was the work of the woodpeckers. They bore these holes. They insert the nuts and thus provide for the time to come, so that the slugs may be sent not only to the ant, and the stork, and the "busy bee" to learn wisdom and work, but to the woodpecker. It is said the acorn breeds a worm which is the special delight of the woodpecker.

And now for the rest of our story, which is in keeping with the mischief-making, mirth-loving character of the crow.

We noticed stones inserted in some of the holes instead of nuts.

We asked what this meant. Our driver was a clever man, who was never troubled by our many questions.

"This," said he, "is what the crows do. They like to fool the woodpeckers; so by immense labor they extract the acorn, and in its stead insert a stone!"

I suppose, remarks the traveller, they stay by and enjoy the joke when the woodpecker pecks away at the stone.

### MAKE YOUR MARK.

WHAT though born a peasant's son?

Make your mark!

Good by poor men can be done;

Make your mark!

Peasants' garbs may warm the cold;

Peasants' words may calm a fear;

Better far than hoarding gold

Is the drying of a tear:

Make your mark!

### EVA'S BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. LUCY M. BLINN.

I'M six years old this morning, mother,  
I must get up, right away;  
I never was *near* as old before,  
As I'm going to be to-day!  
I can cook your breakfast now, I think,  
And, if papa'd let me try,  
I *know* I could say the blessing  
To our Father up in the sky!

This dress has got to be fixed some way,  
It chokes me 'round my waist;  
My shoes pinch worse'n they used to—  
Guess I won't have 'em laced.  
You needn't bring warm water now,  
I can wash just as well in cold;  
I had to have it when I was five,  
But not when I'm six years old.

Where do all my birthdays come from?  
And where do they go to—say?  
Where is the five that I used to be,  
And the six that I am to-day?  
Does God keep them all for the children,  
And send them down from the sky?  
And when the birthdays are all used up,  
Is that what makes us die?

Ho, hum! I'm 'most a big lady!  
When some more of my birthdays come,  
I 'spect I'll marry—the girls all do—  
And live in some other home;  
What'll you and papa think of that?  
Don't you guess you'll sometimes say,  
"How I wish the child was back again,  
Just six years old to-day!"

### A TRUE CAT STORY.

ABOUT a year ago a gentleman and his wife were awakened one night by the cat mewing at their door. She was accustomed to sleep in the house, and had never before disturbed them. This time her mews were loud, prolonged and determined, as if she meant to be heard and heeded. It was a bitter cold night, and pussy's efforts at first were not successful, but she persevered, and the lady said: "There must be something the matter, either with puss herself or the house; she may have been hurt. At any rate, I'm going to see."

She rose, opened the door, and pussy instantly stopped her frantic mewing, and with an almost human expression of relief, ran straight to the sitting-room, looking back to be sure she was followed. The lady found cause indeed for pussy's alarm.

A falling brand had pushed the stove-door open, and live coals were scattered out upon the zinc beneath. The floor was already beginning to scorch, and in a very short time the house would have been on fire. Pussy's timely notice had saved it, and possibly human lives, thus richly rewarding those who had been kind to her.

### THE USES OF NO.

You'RE starting to-day on life's journey,  
Along on the highway of life:  
You'll meet with a thousand temptations,  
Each city with evil is rife.  
The world is a stage of excitement;  
There's danger wherever you go;  
But if you are tempted in weakness,  
Have courage, my boy, to say No.

## The Home Circle.

### FROM MY CORNER.

BY LICHEN.

No. 13.

SOFT winds from the south land waft across the hills and valleys, bringing a message from the climes where orange and myrtle bloom, where trees are ever green, and the roses yield their fragrance and beauty throughout the year. They whisper it to the buds, just swelling on the brown branches, and the hyacinths lying below, close to the surface of the ground, hear its import, and hasten upwards. They tell it to the mountain streams, waiting impatiently in their icy fetters, and repeat it to all living things they find upon their way. It is the message of the Spring summoning all things in Nature to be ready soon to welcome her coming. A summons gladly obeyed, though some make greater haste about it than others. First, the peach-trees will flush pink all over, at the thought of it, and the blue-birds will warble their joyous notes, and the waters go dancing down the hillsides and through the meadows and valleys. Next, the cherry and plum-trees will don their white dresses, and in the garden-beds the hyacinths and crocuses bloom out gaily. Then the anemones and bird's-foot violets, that have laid hidden 'neath the brown leaves by roadside fences, or fallen trees in the woods, say to each other, "If the garden flowers are up, it is surely time we were showing our faces." So they pop up their heads, and nod smilingly to the passer-by. After awhile the hillsides wear their green carpet once more, and the dog-wood blossoms on southern slopes, and soon the green leaves and apple-blossoms follow, and mocking-birds sing, and the spring is really with us.

And who will not be glad at its coming? Though some may enjoy the winter and its pleasures, yet has not spring its pleasures, too? Though sorrow may cloud the pathway of some, will not the brightness of spring-time lighten their hearts a little?

Fly swiftly, ye winter days that are such gloomy ones to me, and let the sunshine of brighter ones lighten my life!

Another one of my girls is going to leave us for another home. A new and happy home, I trust, with one who regards her as the apple of his eye. Such a dear, helpful friend she has been to me. I grieve to lose her society, but she will not go far away, and I shall see her sometimes. I am employing some of my dull hours in fashioning some little fancy articles for ornamenting her toilet, and have knit many bright thoughts and hopes for her, in with the stitches. I fancy the snug little cottage which she will make cheerful with her presence, and her little figure moving about in it, keeping things in order, and making it attractive for the one whose comfort and happiness is one of her highest aims. She will not be *rich*, as the world understands that word, but will have a wealth truer and more satisfying than mere money could give.

It is hard to be happy without enough to supply one's daily recurring wants—the natural necessities and comforts of a life which appreciates comfort and beauty; yet beyond that, when one looks at it rightly, how small and unsatisfying a thing is material wealth in a home, without there is love and harmony, and true worth of character, to accompany it. How utterly unable it is to make people happy. How many are cheated and

disappointed, who have thought that its possession would bring them happiness or comfort.

This recalls a conversation which Floy and I had one day last fall. She was sitting beside me, looking at copies of some of the fine pictures exhibited at the great Exposition, and suddenly exclaimed: "I wish I was rich!"

"Why do you wish that?" said I.

"Oh, I would have so many nice and beautiful things—pictures and statuary, books and handsome dresses and ornaments. I would give mother such beautiful jewels and laces, and pretty things to wear, and father should have a handsome house, and everything he wanted, for I would give a great deal of the money to him. I just know I could enjoy riches so, and spend it usefully, and to good advantage."

"Floy," said I, "put your head down here near mine, I want to say something." Instantly, the bright head was nestled on my pillow, and one hand slipped softly into mine. "Do you know that you have it in your power to become rich, if you will?"

"I become rich!" half-rising to look at me in astonishment.

"Yes, even you, and by your own endeavor. You can crown your mother with jewels that a princess could not buy, for the priceless gems of unselfish affection and devotion cannot be bought with money. You can make your father rich in the possession of a daughter whose worth would be appreciated by him as one of Heaven's best gifts. You may hang the chambers of your heart with pictures whose colors will never fade, and which will be to you a joy forever. You can cultivate your heart and soul, until you have the pure gold of truth, and virtue, and heavenly love; and improve your mind until you can draw from it a currency which will always pass in whatever society or circumstances you may be thrown. You can even help to make others rich in the friendship which you can bestow on them, for a true, helpful, loving friend is a valuable treasure. And, above all, you can live so as to lay up treasure 'where moth and rust do not corrupt,' and such riches will never take wings."

She was very quiet for some moments after I finished speaking, only pressing my fingers tightly in her own; then she said: "I know these are the most important things—the riches most worth having, and I wish I could acquire them, but it will take me a long while to make such a fortune as that, if I can ever attain to it. I fear it will be almost as impossible as the *other* one I was wishing for," she added, laughing, as she kissed me, in the twilight, and went her way.

But her face looked serious as she left the room, and I knew by the way her lips pressed mine, and her hand gave mine a loving clasp, that she would think of what had been said.

### MORAL VULTURES.

THERE are persons of a certain class in every community who find the happiness of others anything but a source of pleasure. They look with green eyes on the successes of others and privately resolve, if they can, to "take them down in some way." Their ingenuity and resources are sometimes surprising. They are the people who hunt out any sad fact in your past history, any embarrassing circumstance which it is painful even to recall. They are sure to know it, if you have an unworthy relation whose course has been a grief and mortification to his friends.

No time so suitable, reasons this hateful spirit, to recall such memories, as when the eye is brightest with pleasure. So, with a covert gleam of malice, the poisoned words are dropped which can pale the cheek and wither all the roses of joy. What exultation beams in the snake eyes that watch the effect of the stab, and how does the heart gloat over its mean victory. Scandal of any sort is as good a meal to such a nature as the scavenger crow's feast to him. Indeed, they very naturally remind one of these ill-omened birds. Their presence is as unacceptable in almost any circle.

They may seem to be victors for the time, but "the trumping of the wicked is short." A species of poetic justice is sure to follow them in the end. They find themselves shunned and detested in society, and the sweet pleasure of wounding others is at last quite lost to them, because of the utter contempt into which they have fallen.

Shun such people, no matter what their rank or station may be. If you attempt, for worldly ends, to make them your intimate associates, you will not only get a snare to your soul, but a wound in your spirit. The delight of inflicting a stab is too sweet to spare even you. Give them no countenance by listening to their attacks on others. Never fear to drive away by "an angry countenance a backbiting tongue." Do not fear you are doing wrong to shun their society. There are people so bad that the apostle tells us not to associate with them at all—"no, not to eat."

J. E. McC.

### WE AND OUR CHILDREN.

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: For the sake of many children, will you publish the following, which I find in one of the newspapers:—

"How little do we know of our children! We love them, take pleasure in their society, are proud of them, praise them or blame and rebuke them, but understand them we do not and cannot. It seems strange that we should forget so utterly. Yet, though we have all passed through childhood, we remember scarcely anything of that which was inmost to us, and the heart and soul of this age are almost as dark mysteries as though they concerned the future state. We come to the duty of training children almost as unprepared for it as the babes themselves are to battle with the world they have just entered. Our whole course is conducted in ignorance or in the most imperfect knowledge, and is often marked by blunders that would be serious were it not that they are overlooked on high.

"Parents are thought to be disposed to exaggerate the gifts of their children; to think better of them than they deserve; to forecast a career for them greater than they can fulfil. This opinion is a mistake. We believe that the disposition of the average parent is of the opposite character, and that it leads him to underrate rather than overrate the worth and capacity of his children. The world is full of boasting about supposed signs of precocity. There is no lack of admiration for traits which may strike the fancy as distinguishing one's own from other children. Yet such boasting and such admiration may exist alongside of an entire unconsciousness of the real powers and real promise of the little one, and may consist with derogation and depreciation of them. The traits which please us are most often only eccentricities. They would be harmless if undeveloped, yet when cultivated are likely to become deformities. We can hardly doubt that they are too often nursed at the expense of the better qualities, of which we never, perhaps, become aware, till it is too late to develop them.

"Our powers of discernment are limited to the sight of the outward development of the child. This is imperfect and one-sided. To communicate one's thoughts to others is one of the last and most difficult things to be learned. While an infant is struggling with this art, he has an experience, a mental growth, which we cannot in any degree realize. Knowledge has been flowing to his young mind constantly, from all directions and sources. He has observed, and thought, and studied, and reasoned, and passed through a whole course of mental processes of which we are totally ignorant. We never learn what they were, or that they existed, for they came and spent their effects before speech. After speech comes, it is still behind thought for many years, for it has to be learned, a word and a form at a time, from without; while thought has been already for a long time fully under way, and is going on constantly growing upon itself. This is why childhood is such a mystery to us, we can know it only by what it tells us, and it can never tell the half of itself. In the same way, we may account for our forgetfulness of our own feelings as children. They occurred with us before we had words with which to give them shape; as we gained the words, they were rubbed out, as it were, by the thoughts that came to be more definitely fixed, and are consequently now to us as though they had never been.

"I know, but I can't tell," is the frequent plea of the poor scholar in the school. He never gets credit for the 'know,' but only a demerit for the 'can't tell,' and it is a surprise to those who called him stupid to find that he grows up into a capable man after all. The same plea is given in the nursery as the only explanation of some act for which we think punishment must be administered, when, if a full explanation were possible, a very different view of the case might be taken. A vast amount of pain might be saved on both sides if parents were fully able to understand their children, or children fully to express what they feel and think. Much of it might be saved as it is if parents would reflect how impossible it is to get such understanding. Thus, in some of the most important respects, we take care of the insignificant manifestations of our children's character, while we overlook the real traits which are to lie at the foundation of their manly being, and are surprised to see them grow up different from what we expected them to be.

"Many parents require too much of their children. They forget that knowledge and character have to be built up one step at a time—'line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little'—and are prone to act as though they were expected to be the spontaneous growth of an hour. No one knows right and wrong by instinct. He must learn to discriminate between them; while he is learning, he is subjected to influences which are as likely to lead him astray as aright, and by which the process is made doubly long and painful. Always to avoid the wrong and choose the right is a task to which most men are unequal. For a child to do it without frequent failures would be a great victory indeed. Yet how little do we consider this fact in dealing with children. How little of that patience and consideration which we exact of them in regard to our own conscious acts, even when we are wrong, do we exercise toward them in regard to their unconscious faults.

"Besides what we see of it, the child's life is a struggle to maintain himself against misunderstanding and depreciation, to lift himself over the obstacles which our own lack of knowledge may have contributed to put in the way of his proper development.

"The training of children is the most difficult and delicate duty that is imposed upon man. It should be approached with thoughtful study of

one's self, with careful self-restraint, and with persistent effort to discover those traits in the child which are not manifest, and to pay to them the regard which they deserve."

### THE WAY SHE DOES IT.

"**H**OW did she get such a pretty Dolman?" I heard you say, coming home from the concert, the other afternoon. Now, some women do smart things in the way of little economies, and nobody is ever any the wiser for it, but that's not my way, so I'll tell you how I got the Dolman.

I had a well-kept fine black merino shawl, and the girls grew tired of it, and for years have been coaxing me to quit wearing it; they said it looked slinky, and clung to my shoulders and made me appear very gaunt, and cadaverous, and old womanish, or rather, old widowish.

Really, it could not have looked very well on me, for one day, while wearing it, I met Rev. Fenn, who had boarded with us for years when he was a boy, and when we shook hands he looked and looked at me a good while, kind of mournfully, and said: "Miss Potts, you will excuse and understand me, I am sure, when I ask you if poverty obliges you to wear that unbecoming shawl. If that is the reason and you will possibly accept of it, I do want to get you a new one for a present. You seem like a mother, or a sister, and it hurts me to see you not well dressed."

I was most delightfully amused at the dear boy's kindness, and I replied by assuring him that I thought I was looking really pretty in that fine, soft, rich shawl.

So, after that generous criticism, I concluded to permit the girls to get the shawl modified into something that pleased them, and that was this Dolman.

The village dressmaker made it, and lined it with the skirt of an old alpaca dress. She wanted it trimmed with lace which cost one dollar a yard, but I objected; lace don't look as pretty to me as it does to other folks. I wanted fringe, but there wasn't a yard of it in Pottsville, nor in any of the villages near us, neither could the right width be found in the nearest city. There was a beautiful fringe headed with netting on the shawl, but it was not thick enough, and the dressmaker said such fringe would never be of use any how, and for me to put the Dolman away, and she would order fringe from New York.

One day I was sick, and just whimsical enough to wish the cape was done so I could see how it would look.

You women all know how cute and sharp we are sometimes to study up and contrive new things. Well, a new idea came to me, and I called Ida to come and bring me the Dolman, a tape-measure, the old fringe of the merino shawl and a slate and pencil. She did so. I measured around the Dolman, three yards and a fraction; the length of the netted fringe was something over six yards, and the long, pretty knots of silk fringe numbered one hundred and twelve or fifteen; now the question for her pencil was, "If I put these knots of fringe around the cape, how closely together can I place them?" Figures won't lie, they never do, and they said less than half an inch.

I was delighted. What a beautiful fringe! I ripped apart the lining and the outside of the cape and went to work, placing the little knot on the end of each tassel of fringe, between, and secured it by a few stitches, taking care not to draw my work as I proceeded. It looked like a big job, but it was only the work of three hours, and really, it is *very pretty*, rich and wavy, and about five inches deep. I wouldn't wish a heavier fringe than it is.

An inch-wide heading hides the deception, and finishes the prettiest wrap I ever had.

The netting that I cut off seems to be of no use at all, but I will lay it aside and let it bide its time.

I tell all this, giving particulars, because I know there are a great many women who have old shawls like mine, of which they are tired and would be glad to see them live anew.

A band of good silk cut on the bias is very pretty to trim with about the edge and about the shoulders, but it must be stitched on with care. In cutting out a Dolman, try and let the fold in the shawl come directly down the back; it gives an idea of newness and freshness that is quite gratifying to one's pride.

There were a good many large pieces of the shawl left, and a good deal of the old alpaca skirt, enough to make and line a very nice sleeveless jacket for the girls. It is as good as new, is trimmed all around with yak lace, and is a very becoming garment.

We think the old merino shawl is thousands prettier now than it ever was, and I am sure it is more serviceable, subjecting none of us to criticisms only of the kindest and most flattering sort.

A very serviceable and handsome skirt can be made of any kind of dark-colored Lancaster gingham by stitching on it bands of graduated sizes of another kind or color of goods. They may be made very beautiful, and sensible, too, at the same time. The adornments may be pleated ruffling, for instance, or strips of gay-flowered rep goods, or vines, or dainty rows of pretty patchwork. There is no end to the devices used in making up skirts. They may be made of wash goods, and the pretty fixings can be ripped off and put on again.

Old dresses, odd remnants of rare fabrics, the borders of old-fashioned shawls, old cloaks and bits of bright things for which one finds no use, can, with a little ingenuity be deftly wrought together into skirts of marvellously strange, and new, and admirable patterns. This better than to buy them, because it is economical and ingenious, and you all know that whatever nice thing one creates or concocts herself, why all the more praise is due her.

It is well to teach the girls to depend in a very great degree on themselves. PIPSEY POTTS.

### GRIEVANCES.

**D**ON'T keep a book account of your troubles. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Is an old quotation on the subject which is probably so much better than anything I can write, that I would be wiser to make this article up of quotations entirely from the same author. At best, I shall only say what he has said, only in weaker words and not half so wisely.

Witnessing so many daily perplexities make me as many times long to cry out.

Why should we murmur, and repine, and weep over these wrong-goings? Save your strength—there's nothing wears like worry—save your strength to go toward making matters better. You can do it, don't say you cannot; such an assertion implies indirect faith in the dear God who has promised to help all such as "come unto Him." Perhaps you have not "come;" perhaps you have stayed a "long way off" and prayed. Then the fault is yours and not His. You must comply with His conditions. Come up *close*—right to His very feet. You may find it hard to get there. Indeed, many people never suspect how rough is the road between themselves and God—how rough and difficult, having been so long neglected and left to run waste—until they



turn and try to get over it. Then they are filled with alarm and cry so earnestly that the dear Father knows they really want to get back, and He puts out His hands and breaks the path!

Take your little troubles to Him—and *there leave them.* Don't go back and seek to look at them and weep over them again and again. Verily, I believe it is the *little* troubles that work the most harm. We *must* fly from the great ones and we *do*—but the lesser ones can just be borne, and we seem to take a singular delight in the martyrdom.

Never take a small vexation into a morrow. Leave it in the path where it stings you, just as you would leave a thorn or a stone—leave it and go on, making music in your heart unto God!

ROSE GERANIUM.

### THE TWINS.

SOMETIME within the last three months, a wealthy gentleman from Michigan was in Boston on business, and having a little spare time, thought he would take a walk. He was not familiar with the city, and walked on without any definite purpose, till, passing through Salem St., he came to Baldwin Place, and noticed a large building. "Home for Little Wanderers," were the words over the door, that drew his attention; and as he had plenty of time before his train would leave, he called, and was pleasantly welcomed, as all visitors are there.

"What kind of a place is this?" he asked the superintendent.

Mr. Toles replied courteously to his question, and asked if he would like to go over the building, and see the children. He said he would, and Mr. Toles sent one of the older children to show him the Home, saying, as he left the office: "Come in again and see me before you go." Just then he was very much engaged.

An hour and a half went by, and the stranger did not return. Mr. Toles supposed he had left, but on going to the nursery soon afterwards, found him sitting there, with twin babies on his knees, a little girl and boy eighteen months old. They were beautiful children, bright and healthy.

He smiled as Mr. Toles entered, and said, pleasantly: "You see I'm chained! I don't know how to leave these little ones. I don't know what I came here for; I had no business in this part of the city—knew nothing about this Home—but it seems to me the Lord *sent* me here to get these babies. I am blessed with abundant wealth, but not with children; and I want these."

He stayed in Boston some days; telegraphed to his wife to come and see the children, and she came as soon as possible, bringing letters from a number of their towns-people, speaking of their character, ability and standing, in the highest terms. She was as much pleased with the children as her husband.

They bought a beautiful outfit for the babies, and dressed them for the journey. The papers of adoption had been duly written and signed. And as they were about leaving for their own home, the gentleman stood in the doorway with one baby on each arm, and said to Mr. Toles, with the ring of pure joy in his voice: "There, sir! This is the proudest day of my life."

This is the true history of two among the thousands of children that these blessed Homes are the means of saving from a life of poverty, sin and shame, and placing in Christian families, where they are loved and guarded as own children, and trained to useful, happy manhood and womanhood.

Many are the wealthy homes that have thus received the crowning brightness and beauty they had always missed; many the hearts whose sor-

row has thus been soothed. And there are others, where neither wealth nor sorrow dwell, where the little child has been welcomed for love's sake, and the quiet, comfortable, homely living has been blessed and glorified.

M. O. J.

### A SUMMER SONG.

BY S. J. JONES.

DARLING, the winter is long—how long!  
Sing me a simple summer song;

A memory song of leaves and flowers,  
And wild birds singing in woodland bowers;  
A childish song that has naught to say  
Of storied laurel, or bard-sung bay;  
Of Druid oak with its branches tall,  
Or centuried ivy, on castle wall;  
Of the palm that graces Sahara's sand,  
Or the giant trees of our own proud land;  
A simple song of the flowers that dwell  
In paths that childhood loves so well;  
The flowers we gather life's hopes to prove,  
And strew with tears on the graves we love.

A song arose with a glad refrain  
Of grasses and leaves and summer rain;  
Of forest shades and glinting beams,  
Dancing and trembling on dimpled streams;  
Of wildwood flowers, sweet and fair,  
Of mosses and ferns and maiden-hair,  
Of violets, buttercups, golden bright,  
And daisies gemming the green with white;  
A simple song of childish rhyme,  
And all its burden was summer time.  
The lay was ended, and lone and still,  
The singer sat in the twilight chill;  
For the tired one, out from the winter long,  
Had passed to the Land of Summer and Song.

### FRUIT IN OLD AGE.

IT must be a sad thought to one who has filled his place in life ably and well, that he has at last outlived his usefulness. To feel that his powers of mind are failing, with his bodily vigor; that others note the change and probably speak of it with commiseration out of his hearing. Yet, whatever we may think to the contrary in the prime and strength of our life, we shall all cling to the fragment of time left us as tenaciously as we do now. It is a principle implanted in our natures for a wise purpose, that we should cling to life as long as our Father sees fit to lengthen it out to us.

If length of days is to be the blessing He gives us, it is wise to learn how we may use it happily and profitably to the very last. There are examples of many minds which have borne rich fruit in old age. How may we learn to imitate them?

Dr. Samuel Miller remarks that "the premature dotage of many distinguished men has, no doubt, arisen from their ceasing to exert their faculties under the impression that they were too old to engage in any new enterprise."

When John Adams, at ninety, was asked how he kept up the vigor of his faculties to such a great age, he replied: "By constantly employing them; the mind of an old man is like an old horse; if you would get any work out of it, you must work it all the time."

Energy in doing good is still more sustaining to the powers of body as well as mind.

A celebrated French physician was afflicted with what he regarded as an incurable malady, and withdrew to the country to die. While there, a family of peasants besought his aid in their great distress at a dreadful accident. He was able to afford them relief, and their warm gratitude so

cheered his heart and awakened it to a feeling that he could yet serve his fellow-men, that he determined to work for them while life lasted. He continued his practice, and lived to a good old age, beloved and revered by all who knew him.

"Give me," said Herder, in the weariness of his

last illness, "a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it."

A stirring thought is of great benefit in nervous disorders, often relieving the patient more than medicine. Mental idleness is certainly the fruitful source of a legion of bodily disorders. ELSIE.

## Evenings with the Poets.

### THE GLOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

At his lion-garden gate,  
The death-sport to await,  
Sat Gallia's king.  
High nobles his presence graced,  
And, in rows above them placed,  
Fair dames—a goodly ring.

He hath raised his finger in token,  
And the answering cave hath spoken;  
And a lion strode through the gate  
With step sedate,  
And, without a sound  
Stared round—  
With a yawn, as of one awaking,  
His loose locks shaking,  
Stretches his limbs—and then—  
Lays him down again.

The king gives another token—  
And a second gate hath spoken,  
With answering swing;  
Then a tiger, for sport  
To the royal court,  
Makes a spring.  
When the lion he explored,  
Loud he roared;  
With his tail, as he swayed,  
A dread circle he made;  
And lolled out his tongue,  
And with wary stride,  
At distance wide,  
Round the lion he paced, grim scowling,  
Then laid him growling  
At the lion's side.

And the king raised his finger anew,  
And wide open the double gate flew;  
Which two leopards at once gave to view—  
They rush with eager rage  
The tiger to engage;  
Who meets their assaults with his terrible claws.  
Then the lion, with a roar,  
Raised him up—and again it was still as before;  
And all those wild cats, hot  
For slaughter, on the spot  
Lie crouching, in deadly pause.

And now from the balcony wall  
A fair hand a glove lets fall  
The lion and tiger between,  
In the midst 'tis seen.

And the Lady Cunigund turned her there  
To the Knight Delarges with a mocking air—  
"Sir Knight, if your love be so mighty a power,  
As you swore to me in that tender hour,  
Go fetch me my glove where 'tis placed."

And the knight, in an instant's haste,  
Hath into the fearful space descended,  
And hath snatched the glove with his finger bold,  
And grasps it firm in his iron hold,  
And bears it aloft in the air extended.

And knights and high dames looked shudder-  
ing on

In mute amaze till the feat was done  
And he brought back the glove with a tranquil  
air.

Then from every mouth loud plaudits arose,  
But the smile fair Cunigund bestows  
Seems to promise whatever of bliss most rare  
Can be felt and shared in love's embrace.  
And—he tossed the glove in the lady's face.  
"No guerdon, lady, I seek of thee."  
So that same hour the knight was free.

### BEFORE THEY CALL I WILL ANSWER.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call I  
will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will  
hear."—ISAIAH LXV., 24.

GIVE me to eat! O Father, in Thy garner  
The golden grain is stored;  
Thy purple grapes hang heavy in the vintage,  
Thy harvest-fields with promises are scored.  
To eat, for I so wearily have fasted,  
And yet my kindred call on me for bread,  
On me, whose harvesting the worm has blasted,  
On me, with hands in helplessness outspread!

Give me to drink! O Father, in Thy gardens  
The fountains ever flow;  
I hear their cooling plash and see them glitter,  
Oh, pour their fulness on these plains below.  
To drink, I am so weak and faint with going  
To broken cisterns that can hold no rain,  
Then lead me nigh that blessed overflowing,  
Let my parched lips Thy cup of gladness drain!

So prayed my soul in heaviness of anguish,  
Lo, even as I cried,  
Bread, manna-sweet, was broken at my table,  
And crystal brimmed the goblet close beside.  
Even "before they call," is it not written?  
The banquet-hall awaits the tardiest guest,  
The faint, the thirsty and the famine-smitten,  
Have but to cry, God's love outruns the rest!

### POSSIBILITIES.

WE cannot all be heroes  
And thrill a hemisphere  
With some great daring venture,  
Some deed that mocks at fear;  
But we can fill a lifetime  
With kindly acts and true,  
There's always noble service  
For noble souls to do.

We cannot all be preachers,  
And sway with voice and pen,  
As strong winds sway the forest,  
The minds and hearts of men;  
But we can be evangelists  
To souls within our reach,  
There's always Love's own gospel  
For loving hearts to preach.

## Floral Department.

### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY MRS. C. L. MABBETT.

#### ANNUAL IN A HOT-BED.

**H**OT-BEDS are by no means difficult to manage, yet occasional accidents will happen to them with new beginners. As the growth is more rapid, there is increased danger from sudden changes and cold winds; and a few stormy days, when the bottom heat is strong, will draw the plants up spindling, and it will be almost impossible to air them in the absence of the sun sufficient to keep them hardy.

I have used for several years, with satisfactory success in the main, a corner of what might be called a cross between a pit, hot-bed and cold frame, and will give the plan of its construction, materials, etc., as far as I am able. A spot facing the south, and protected by buildings in a measure from the north winds, was chosen for the site. A pit or oblong hole was dug in the ground about twenty feet long, six feet wide and four feet deep; this was walled eight inches in thickness, with stones set in lime mortar, quite up to the top of the ground. Then a wall of brick, of two thicknesses, was carried up two feet at the back, and one foot and a half in front, making a slope of six inches. On the top of this, firmly imbedded in mortar, was a square frame of chestnut timber, of about equal thickness with the wall, and mortised at the corners, making the whole structure firm and secure. Movable slats were dovetailed at regular distances into the above frame-work as supports for the sash to rest upon. These slats were about five inches in width, hollowing in the middle, to carry off the water that might force its way in between the sash, thus forming a drip which, if direct in one place, would interfere greatly with the growth of seeds exposed to its action. The sash were made for lapping the glass in the usual manner, but the frames were very heavy, so that ordinary winds might not displace them, as they were not fastened to the frame.

About the middle of March, stable manure and straw, in proportion as usually thrown from the stables, was piled in a mass in the barn-yard for heating, and turned and repiled, until the whole was heated alike. This was carefully and evenly scattered into the pit, and pressed two or three times during the filling up, by placing a board on top and walking over it, the operator standing outside the bed during the work to prevent the uneven packing of the mass under the pressure of the foot, care being taken that the edges in the last layer received their full share to prevent them from falling in unevenly in settling. On the top of this mass, which was usually put in about four feet deep, eight inches of nicely prepared old garden soil was evenly sifted. This earth should be as moist as will work kindly, without clogging or packing in the sieve, and will need, in cold climates, to be housed and attended to in the fall, as it often happens that out-door supplies are frost-bound at that season.

We have sometimes made the earth for this purpose do duty in winter as celery packing in the cellar, and found it very satisfactory; at other times, after removing the manure from the pit in the fall, we have put the earth back in heaps, and covered it with boards during the winter, putting on the glass for a few days to thaw it before commencing the spring work. This plan was not in the main as successful, and is not recommended, unless for warm climates where the frosts do not

penetrate deeply, the better way being to house it in heaps or casks, if need be, out of the way of frosts altogether, then when wanted it is ready.

After the above work was completed, the glasses were tightly put in place, covered with mats if the weather was cold, and left until the earth was nicely warmed, and the steam condensing freely on the glass; then, if possible, when the sun was shining, the planting was commenced.

The location of this structure being so prominent, it was necessary to sow the seeds in a different manner from that generally practiced in hot-beds, where plants are simply grown for removal as soon as the weather is suitable. Directly under each sash a circle was made by pressing a barrel hoop into the soil sufficient to show its shape plainly, and in the grooves thus formed were sown seeds of tomatoes, cabbage, and similar varieties, that would be ready for transplanting, or "pricking out," in a short time. Inside the circles cucumber seed were planted, in such abundance that bugs, worms and accidents might not cut short the needed supply. At the south side, near and in shade of the wall, slips rooted readily, celery grew finely, and lettuce also, the latter being large enough to cut for the table before time for planting out, when the roots were fine and strong for that purpose. Here, too, were planted the most unpromising of the wintered dahlia roots, and seldom, indeed, was there a failure even among the most hopelessly dried ones, the heat, shade and moisture being sure to develop growth wherever there was a bit of life remaining.

The west end of the bed fell to my share, with the exception of the cucumbers inside the circle, and in it I found abundant room for bringing forward all the flower-seeds needed (as a friend of mine used facetiously to say) "for the use of the family." Radish-seeds were sown in rows north of the cucumber hills, and indeed wherever else there was space without encroaching upon that left for "pricking out" the young tomatoes, cabbage, etc.

Since the introduction of the French breakfast radish, I have often thought of the small turnip affairs of that day very disrespectfully, yet then, as now, the *best to be had* was the limit of attainment, and with that for the time we were satisfied.

I am aware that the culture of vegetables does not belong to this work; still as this structure was so near the flower-garden that one was obliged to make it in a measure ornamental, I will state a little of its after-management. As soon as the tomatoes were in condition for planting out, a half dozen of the finest were selected, and set on the north side of the cucumbers, to be trained against the wall, slats being added above it, as further support was needed. As at that time they were but just redeemed from ornamental "love apples," they formed quite a pleasing background to a bed of green cucumber-vines: of these vines, more anon.

As the cucumber-vines were of no further value after those planted in the open ground were in bearing, it was quite astonishing to those not in the secret, to see how soon after their removal, the bed became bright with blooms of balsams, cockscombs, petunias, etc., that seemed to spring up like magic; the solution resting on the disappearance of a like number of plants in pots, that had been kept in the background for that purpose. Aside from these, in my end of the bed it would sometimes happen that a double sunflower, a princess feather or ricinus, would maintain its

place by sheer impudence of growth—a vine in luxuriant abundance, would contrive to cover the front wall so naturally that none thought of encroachment—or a gourd, which came up so quietly, close to the farthest corner, that everybody (with one exception) thought it an accident, would stretch away along the adjoining fence, until somebody would contrive additional support where its pendant fruit could hang unmolested, an ornament, as well as foreshadowing of use.

The tomato-vines at the back of this bed were trained on movable supports, and on the approach of frosts were turned forward into the bed, without being loosened from their fastenings, and covered with the glass frames; thus continuing their season of bearing several weeks, as it often happens that after about three successive frosts in the fall, the weather will remain fine for a month or more. In order to have the full benefit of this arrangement, as soon as tomatoes are in bearing in the open ground, these plants should be cut off at the ends, and the fruit removed to a considerable extent, leaving only the most promising small ones, in order that a new growth may be made for this late supply.

Before winter sets in, the manure from this bed should be removed, and spread over the beds and around whatever may need mulching or protecting in the vegetable or flower garden. Indeed, it may be said of this (as of the *old woman's cream*), "it is innocent and won't hurt nothing," in especial manner is its innoxiousness apparent, when it is used for a covering for a bed of bulbous roots.

#### THE CARE OF HOUSE-PLANTS.

VICK'S *Floral Guide* gives some plain, practical suggestions on the care of house-plants, from which we condense the following:

Thousands of persons purchase vigorous, beautiful plants from the greenhouses every year, and are pained to see them gradually and surely lose all trace of beauty, and finally droop and die. How can we prevent this? Plants, like ourselves, need air, light, warmth, food and drink, and must have all these in sufficient quantities, or they will suffer and finally die.

Where good earth is used for potting, plants seldom need any special manure. The best soil for plants is found in old meadows, the corners of fences, etc., where sod has grown a long time. A

pile of sod laid up to rot makes excellent potting-earth, and if taken from a soil with a good deal of sand, nothing can be better. Many persons think if they can get a little black muck from a swamp they have the perfection of potting-soil, while it is the poorest soil that can be procured. About a tablespoonful of guano in a pail of water makes a good fertilizing material, but must be used cautiously, and is not often needed.

Most of our plants are injured by too much heat. For a general collection of house-plants, it is not best to allow the thermometer to be above seventy, and if they could be kept in a room where the thermometer would usually not range much above sixty-five, it would be the better. In the nighttime fifty is high enough. Give a little fresh air every fine day, and all the sunlight attainable. Every one knows that a plant grown in the dark is weak and colorless; and if it has plenty of light and little air, while it will have the natural color, it will be slender and sickly. The gardener, therefore, is careful to give his greenhouses and hot-beds not only light, but air at every convenient opportunity. In winter, he hails a bright, sunny day with delight. Plants will suffer from a current of cold air just as their owner would, but will be benefited by an invigorating breath of fresh air. Provide, therefore, for air in some way, especially on pleasant days.

Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of plants as to that of animals, and it is therefore necessary to secure them from dust as much as possible, and also to cleanse the plants frequently by syringing or washing. Even here a little caution is necessary, for while the smooth-leaved plants are benefited, not only by showering, but even by washing the leaves with a cloth or sponge, the rough-leaved plants, like the *begonia rex*, do not like to have the surface of their leaves frequently moistened. It would, therefore, be well to remove such plants before syringing. Take every precaution, however, to prevent the accumulation of dust upon the plants; and above all endeavor to screen them from that terrible infliction, carpet-sweeping. It may be well enough to kill the old people by compelling them to breathe clouds of dust, but send the children into the fresh air to skate or to snow-ball, and screen the plants, if possible. The essentials of success in plant-culture are suitable soil, air, light, moderate and regular heat, a moist atmosphere, regular and moderate watering and freedom from dust and foul gas.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### PAPER BLANKETS.

I WONDER what we shall have next made of paper. We have long had paper flour-bags, collars, cuffs, roofs, carpets, all sorts of Japanese hollow-ware. We have a paper cloth called "shoddy," which differs from common paper in being made out of woollen instead of cotton rags, and now we hear of an English manufacturer making paper bed-blankets. They are light and flexible, but very warm, and are sold for a very trifling sum, compared with other bed coverings. Already contracts have been made for supplying various schools and hospitals, and we may be sure that our enterprising Yankee nation will not be long behind in taking up the invention. The wonder is, we did not think of it first, as much as has been said in the prints about newspaper blankets, which could be made so useful in emergencies. Surely we are living in "a paper age."

Until these blankets get over to us, don't let the

little ones sleep cold because you cannot afford them enough good woollen ones. Paste together a few sheets of your softest brown wrapping-paper, and lay it between the spreads, and you will not hear any complaint of sleeping cold. Or, if you like better, wash up perfectly clean those pieces of old woollen carpeting in your garret, and tack them together; then cover them top and bottom with old calico pieced together, and you have one of the warmest kind of rugs to throw over the children's beds, or over your own feet. Better to take up the carpet from your floor than to sleep cold, as often most fatal results follow a single night of such discomfort.

MOTHER PRACTICAL.

### RECIPES.

BREAD-CRUMB OMELET.—The following is from an English source, and is called a "vegetarian recipe," notwithstanding the eggs in it: One pint



of bread-crumbs, a large handful of chopped parsley, with a large slice of onion minced fine, and a teaspoonful of dried marjoram. Beat up two eggs, add a teacupful of milk, some nutmeg, pepper and salt, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Mix all together, and bake in a slow oven till of a light brown color. Turn it out of the dish and send to table immediately.

**STEWED APPLES.**—Make a clear syrup of half a pound of sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

**A VERY GOOD PUDDING.**—Beat lightly the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of six, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the rind of an orange or two lemons grated, six and a half ounces of flour; add one pint of boiling milk. When nearly cold, mix in the eggs and sugar, and add a wine-glassful of brandy, half a pound of melted butter. Bake it an hour and a quarter and turn it out.

**BROWNED POTATOES.**—Boil potatoes of a nearly uniform size till about two-thirds done; pour off the water; remove the skins; place them in a hot oven, and bake till done. When baked potatoes are wanted in haste, this is a very quick and excellent method.

**BREAKFAST POTATOES.**—Pare and wash the potatoes. Cut them in pieces one-third of an inch in thickness; boil in as little water as possible, so that it will nearly all be evaporated in cooling. When done, add a small quantity of sweet cream or milk, thickened with a little flour.

**THE WAY TO MAKE AN OMELET.**—It is surprising that a dish so easily prepared and so delicious as omelet has come into use to so small an extent in this country; there are extensive districts where it has never been heard of, and many housekeepers who meet with it in their travels, never have it upon their own tables, because their cooks do not know how to prepare it.

Omelet is simply eggs beaten and fried in but-

ter. Break three fresh eggs into a bowl, add a little pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water, and beat the eggs thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of good butter into a flat frying-pan, and hold the pan over the fire with the handle a little elevated, so as to incline the bottom at a small angle. As soon as the pan is warm, pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook, run a case-knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry, fold one-half of the omelet over the other, and it is ready to serve. It can be made in five minutes, and is an exceedingly delicate and delicious morsel.

**MACAROONS.**—To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds take four teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds (remove the brown skin), and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then whisk the whites of the eggs and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil" or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

**CASTLE PUDDINGS.**—Two eggs, their weight in butter, flour and white sugar each. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till half melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour by degrees; with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon-peel. Put it into five or six cups; half fill them, and bake in a slow oven about half an hour.

**VELVET CREAM.**—Half ounce isinglass dissolved in a teacupful of white wine, one pint of cream, the juice of a large lemon. Sweeten the cream to your taste. When the isinglass is dissolved, add the lemon juice and wine to the cream, and pour it into a mould.

**POTATO CRUST.**—Parboil and mash twelve potatoes; add one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a cup of milk or cream. Stiffen with flour until you roll out.

## Health Department.

**THE PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT OF GIRLS.**—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. This exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. Henry Spry says that "this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into our boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb-bells, back-boards, skipping-ropes, etc. The young lady ought to be taught to carry the jar as these Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with her hands." The same practice of carrying water leads to precisely the same results in the south of Spain and of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head over a rough road a vessel full of water to the very brim, and will not spill a drop of it; and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait, and the same expanded chest and well-formed back and shoulders.

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**ANTIDOTE TO POISON.**—If a person swallows any poison whatever, says *Forest and Stream*, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a large number of cases than half a dozen medicines we can now think of, is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and, lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teacupful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a larger amount of virulent poisons than any medicines.

**SLEEP IS THE BEST STIMULANT.**—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, says the *Herald of Health*, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles

of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

**HOW TO MAKE A CHEAP AND POWERFUL DISINFECTANT.**—Dissolve half a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water; now dissolve two drachms of common salt in a bucket of water; when both are dissolved pour the two mixtures together, and when the sediment has settled you have a pail full of clear fluid, which is a saturated solution of the chloride of lead. A cloth saturated with the liquid and hung up in a room will at once sweeten a fetid atmosphere. Poured down a sink, water-closet or drain, or on any decaying mass, it will produce the same result. The nitrate of lead is very cheap, and a pound of it would make several barrels of the disinfectant. The salt which furnishes the chlorine would not cost more than the water.

**BREATHING THROUGH THE MOUTH.**—Catlin taught the world the importance of shutting the mouth and breathing through the nose. It would seem that his little book, entitled, "Shut Your Mouth," is bearing fruit in Germany, where new thoughts receive more attention from physicians than anywhere else in the world. Respiration by the mouth, says the *Herald of Health*, is easier than by the nose, but not so safe.

The nose to a certain extent fits the air for entering the lungs. The sense of smell prevents our breathing an air loaded with poisonous vapors. The moisture of the nasal cavities to some extent saturates the air and makes it less irritating to the throat and larynx. The inequalities of the nasal passage and the hairs catch the dust before it goes far enough to harm. On the other hand, breathing through the mouth dries the throat, and in children may cause false croup, catarrh, and it may so affect the Eustachian tube as to cause injury to the ear and deafness. So important, in the eyes of Dr. Guye, is the importance of breathing through the nose, that he has invented a little instrument to apply to the mouth in sleep, which holds it shut and compels nasal breathing.

**NERVOUS COUGHING.**—The celebrated Dr. Brown-Séquard once gave the following directions, which may prove serviceable to persons troubled with a nervous cough: "Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lip in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same means. Pressing, also, in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say that the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the walls of his hospital, 'The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day.' It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then."

**BURNS AND SCALDS.**—Common whiting, reduced by cold water to the consistence of thick cream, is to be spread on a light linen rag, and the whole burnt surface instantly covered, and thus excluded from the action of the air. The ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by sprinkling with cold water.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

**S**PRING promises to behold skirts narrower, and clinging more closely than ever, while waists will be prolonged to their utmost extent. In the most fashionable costumes, waists are no longer cut separate from their accompanying skirts; but, modeled after some of the latest princess patterns, they are cut all in one from neck to ankles, and made to fit the form with an exquisite nicety which has earned for them the name of the *fourreau*, or sheath, or case, style of fitting. This exactness of fit is something almost undreamed of in the past. The outlines of the form are rendered with a delicacy and beauty which challenge the utmost admiration, and which conquer criticism.

This severeness of outline, to which is added the utmost plainness in the matter of decoration, promises to hold its own for the coming season, and is carried into all the details of a lady's dress. At home, upon the street, everywhere, she is seen in classic simplicity of costume. There are some pleasing variations permissible to this style. For instance, we saw at one of our modistes a dress which was made to fit over bust and hips with scrupulous exactness, and the same seams carried down the length of the skirt. But, to break these outlines, a scarf overskirt was draped carelessly

around the skirt below the hips, apparently caught carelessly at the sides, and fastened in just as an apparently careless bow behind. The effect was charming.

Overskirts are gradually creeping down in length, and the trimming vanishing from underskirts.

For evening dresses the underdress should be of some substantial material. It may be made from an old, half-worn dress, remodeled so as to conceal its age, and give it a fashionable shape. The overdress with such an underdress may be of thin material. But if an entire new dress is to be purchased, select firm materials by all means.

The most recent scarfs do not exceed the length of a yard and a half or a yard and five-eighths, and are about a quarter of a yard wide, with square ends. Scarfs of cardinal net, run with red silk floss in a fancy pattern, presenting the same appearance as that known as cashmere lace, are among the latest novelties. Some black net scarfs are edged with cardinal lace. Plain silk ties are decreasing in favor, having given way to fancy, lace-trimmed ties.

The old-fashioned purses, bags and chatelaines, somewhat remodeled in form, are making their appearance in response to their wearers' demands for a receptacle for the silver coin which is gradually finding its way into the market.

## Varieties.

**UNMANLY MEN.**—Is there any joy greater than that which is experienced by one person when he helps another person? There are some men so low down that it is said they cannot bear to have the smell of their clover go into the highway for fear that other folk will get something that belongs to them without paying for it; there are some men who are said to begrudge bees the honey which they take from their flowers without leaving anything behind; but that is doubtless imaginary. A man whose heart does not respond to an act of doing good or giving happiness is no longer a man. He has passed the line of manhood, and should be ranked among beasts.

**HARD WORK.**—Men who use their muscles imagine that men who depend upon their brains are strangers to hard work. Never was there a greater mistake. Every successful merchant does more real hard work in the first ten years of his business career than a farmer or blacksmith ever dreamed of. Make up your mind to work early and late, if necessary, that you may thoroughly master the details of the business upon which you purpose to enter. The habit of persistent rapid work once formed, you have gained a momentum that will carry you very satisfactorily through many a pinch in business where a less persistent worker would find it vastly easier to lie down and fail.

**TACT.**—People cannot help having been born without tact, any more than they can help having no ear for music; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not deserve. They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, saying and doing the most awkward things and apologizing for them with a still more terrible bluntness. If there is one social boon more to be desired than another, it is tact; for, without tact, the career of the richest and most beautiful is often utterly marred.

**WOMAN'S COURAGE AND DEVOTION.**—During the whole of Lord Dundonald's arduous services and romantic adventures in South America, Lady Dundonald accompanied him, to soothe his anxieties, to sustain his hopes, to animate his exertions, to share his dangers. One night, whilst he was in command of the Chilian fleet, his ship got becalmed under a battery, from which he was assailed with red-hot shot. His men were seized with a panic, and deserted their guns. If the fire from the shore was not returned, it would speedily become steady, sustained and fatal. He went down to the cabin where his wife lay. "If a woman sets them the example," he said, after telling her his difficulty, "they may be shamed out of their fears; it is our only chance." She rose and followed him to the deck. The first object that met her eyes was the battery with its flaming furnaces, round which dark figures were moving, looking more like incarnate demons than men. A glance at her husband's impressive features, and his "terrible" calmness, reassured her. She took the match, and fired a gun when he had pointed it. The effect on the crew was electrical; they returned to their posts with a shout, and the battery was speedily silenced.

**EXTRAORDINARY ICE-CAVE.**—There is an ice-cave near Decorah, Iowa, which is about two hundred feet in depth. As you enter it you meet at once an icy atmosphere. You find the sides of the cave cold and wet, and hear the slow dripping of water. As you advance the cold increases, and at a distance of fifty or sixty feet the bottom of the cave and its rocky sides are covered with ice—the dripping water freezes as it falls. You can stay but a short time in the cave. The sudden change from the heat of summer to the cold of winter is more than you can stand, and you retreat, feeling that you have witnessed a remarkable phenomenon. The most remarkable fact, however, is that no ice forms in this cave in winter; even that of summer disappears.

**EFFECT OF MUSIC ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.**—A correspondent of *The English Mechanic* insists that musical sounds stimulate the growth of plants. He gives an instance in point. In a barren section of Portugal he built a small conservatory and endeavored to cultivate roses and other flowers under shelter, but in spite of his precautions and industry they did not flourish. One day he took a harmonium into the green-house and played for several hours. This practice he maintained for several months, and was surprised to see a gradual but rapid recovery of health on the part of his plants. He attributes their improvement to the influence of music, and unfolds the theory that the singing of birds is conducive to vegetable life. It is a pretty theory. Let the honest gardener hereafter whistle as he waters his plants and trims his roses. Let the pianos be moved from drawing-room to green-house, and let the young ladies of the family practice there. Let the small farmers of Westchester County hire all the organ-grinders of New York to make music in their corn-fields all the glad summer long. Let the brass bands be sent into the wilderness until it blossoms like the rose.

ONE of the latest Parisian toys is called the "Eastern Question." It is a steel crescent, around which hang a certain number of rings strung together. The problem is to bring order out of confusion, but the more one tries to arrange them the greater is the confusion. In the end the toy-seller divides the crescent into several pieces, and the rings arrange themselves in the simplest way imaginable.

**"COMPANY."**—What a ceremonious affair we make of entertaining company! Too many of us lose all sense of being at home the moment a stranger crosses our threshold; and he instantly feels himself to be a mere visitor—nothing more—and acts accordingly. The man who knows how to "drop in" of an evening, draw up his chair to your hearth as if it were his own, and fall into the usual evening routine of the household as if he were a member of it—how welcome he always is! The man who comes to stay under your roof for a season, and who, without being intrusive or familiar, makes you feel that he is "at home" with you, and is content in his usual fashion of occupation—how delightful a guest he is! And the houses—ah, how few of them!—into which one can go for a day or a week and feel sure that the family routine is in no wise altered, the family comfort in no wise lessened, but, on the contrary, increased by one's presence—what joy it is to cross their thresholds! What harbors of refuge they are to weary wanderers! What sweet reminiscences they bring to the lonely and homeless!

## New Publications.

**The Wife's Engagement Ring.** By T. S. Arthur. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. In this story the author shows how a prosperous merchant, a good citizen, a kind husband and a tender father, becomes slowly transformed through the influence of drink; going down, step by step, from a condition of prosperity to one of destitution, and losing in his sad descent the husband's love, the father's tenderness and the man's self-respect and sensitive honor. We make a single extract:

Failing to obtain any better position than that of book-keeper at a moderate salary, Donaldson fell into a discouraged state of mind. He could not become reconciled to the new life with its limitations and its self-denials. He saw that his wife was being overtaxed by her heavier duties, and it hurt and chafed him—all the more because there was no help in the present, and little or no hope in the future. Though still indulging his appetite, he had not fallen into excess. But after the lapse of a year, it seemed to gain a sudden strength; rousing itself, and making unwonted demands against which he offered only a feeble resistance. From two or three glasses of ale or beer a day, he went to half a dozen, and these did not satisfy the craving which it seemed as if nothing would allay. With a rapidity that appalled his unhappy wife, his steps bent downward, and no efforts she could make to hold him back were of any avail. He met her remonstrances with sharp anger; and then held her away from him with such coldness and rebuke as made her heart ache with a dumb despair.

All at once this dreadful change had occurred, as if the man had become suddenly possessed—as if evil spiritual forces had seized upon his moral nature, and changed its whole action. And was not this, in a measure, really so? Had he not, in the steady abuse of his physical system, and especially of its fine organism in the brain, where reason and feeling have their seat of action, so changed its order, that it could become subject to such an influx of insane and destructive forces? It is a thought to make one pause and shudder. The sad transformations that are constantly taking place with men who become the slaves of drink, leave no doubt of the character of the spiritual influences under which they have come—influences that have their origin and intense vitality in hell.

The once tender and considerate husband changes, under the influx of this new order of life, into a cruel fiend; the loving father grows indifferent and brutal toward his children; the good citizen is made a social pest and burden; the esteemed neighbor an offence. In everything, the order of life is changed. The goodly tree which bore such generous fruit has become as the thorn and bramble.

We marvel at these awful transformations, wondering how inebriation can change men into fiends; how alcohol, a mere substance in nature, and without moral force, can, through its action on the brain, evolve a new moral quality—intense, destructive and infernal. The fact no one questions, for it stands all the while confronting and challenging us in a thousand terrible and disgusting forms; and yet, for all this, men dally with the subtle agent of hell, giving it a lodgment in body and brain, and suffering it to gain a large and still larger action among the vital forces, which it never touches but to work disorder. They see how it hurts their neighbors; but, strangely enough, do not fear for themselves.

There is a truth about this matter which few consider—a truth that, if well understood, would hold thousands upon thousands away from that so-called moderate indulgence in alcohol which so often betrays to utter ruin. We speak of man as having rational freedom. The seat of this freedom and rationality is the brain, the physical organism through which it acts and influences the outer life. If the brain is hurt or disturbed, the mind's healthy action is at once lost; and it is remarkable that an evil force seems to get possession of the will as soon as the rational equipoise is lost.

Whatever disturbs a man's rational equipoise gives evil forces a power over him which could not otherwise be obtained. It matters not through what agency the disturbance comes; the effect is the same. Clearly, then, to disturb the brain's healthy action by the introduction of alcohol, through the blood, into that wonderfully delicate organ, is for a man to change so far the true heavenly order of his life, and to open the door for an influx of disorder and evil. The change may at first be very small, and the disorderly action scarcely perceived; but is it not clear to the dullest mind that, if the introduction of alcohol into the brain be continued day after day and with gradual increase, the time must come when the man's rational control of himself will be lost? And when this takes place, he becomes subject to infernal influences.

Alcoholic diseases change men into fiends—for they involve the brain; they dethrone the reason, and leave the will subject to the sway of infernal passions.

Suddenly, as we have said, was Mr. Donaldson seized upon by the enemies he had been admitting, one by one, into the citadel of his life, until the number was so great that they were able to bind him hand and foot and make him their slave. From that time, his downward course was rapid. He seemed to lose, all at once, the husband's love and the father's care. The smiles that brightened his face, and the pleasant words that dropped from his lips at his daily coming home, were seen and heard no more. He grew impatient, irritable and unreasonable. Neither his wife nor his children, try as they would, could guard against offending him. The laugh and frolic of a child bore not, as of old, a strain of music to his ears, but a jar of discord that drew too often an angry rebuke from his lips. He seemed ever on the watch for something against which to make complaint. He became morose, silent, captious, ill-natured—the very opposite of all that he had once been. Indifference to the comfort and well-being of his family grew rapidly, as the increasing demands of his appetite held his thought in the idea of self-gratification; and the more he indulged himself, the less he cared for his wife and children, who began to feel ere long the pinch of real privation.

At the end of the second year after his business failure, we find him still holding a clerkship, but at a reduced salary. He had lost his clear head, and his position of book-keeper in consequence, and been forced into a lower place. His income was now but eight hundred dollars a year; at least one-third of which he spent on himself and among the drinking companions into whose society he had been drawn, and with whom he now spent almost every evening of his life. Into his home, want and sorrow had found their way, and he made but little effort to drive them back through the door which he had left open.



## Editor's Department.

### Causes of ill-health among Women.

THE higher education of our girls is a question that is being argued pro and con, with great interest, and, in some quarters, with great feeling. The opposition have yielded all points concerning the capabilities of women to receive a higher education. We hear little or nothing now about the lowering of standards by the admission of women into our colleges. But we are told that a woman's health forbids the close application which alone can lead to thoroughness and proficiency in the higher branches of education.

The discussion on this subject has undoubtedly been productive of great good, since a thorough investigation of woman's physical capabilities has followed, resulting in the conviction on the part of all who have gone into the investigation with unbiased minds, and a desire to learn the truth, that a healthy woman is equal to as great intellectual exertion as a healthy man. There is probably to-day not one institution regulated on the plan proposed by Dr. Clarke, while the colleges opened to both sexes are yearly becoming more numerous.

Still the fact remains that many women are invalided, and all who have the well-being of the sex at heart, will not cease their efforts to reach the cause of this frequent invalidism.

There is much stress laid upon the ill-health of young school-girls. English visitors frequently remark upon the slenderness and pallor of American school-girls, as compared with those of England, and jump to the conclusion that the fault lies in our methods of education. First of all, American girls are less apparently robust by nature than English ones; secondly, it is not the school-life, so much as the home-life which is to blame for the invalidism which actually exists. A girl might pass through school just as successfully as her brother as regards her health, if she were allowed, out of school-hours, the same freedom of limb, and required to take the same amount of fresh air and exercise which he takes. It is only in cities, where the restraints upon girls are greater than in the country, that this appearance of invalidism is especially noticed. In rural towns, where, perhaps, the school-discipline is just as severe, and the standards as high, as in the cities, the girls are fresh, rosy and robust, and give little indication of ill-health.

As an illustration of what higher education does for young women, President Warner, of Michigan University, declares that the women studying in that university, in both scholarship and health, quite reach the standards of the young men. A like report comes from other co-educational schools and colleges.

It seems necessary to carry our investigations out of the school-room, before we arrive at the truth in this matter of the causes of ill-health among women. The reports of lunatic asylums furnish important data which should not be overlooked. We have now before us the Annual Report of the State Lunatic Asylum of Pennsylvania. Studying this report carefully, we find that hard physical exertion far oftener results in insanity than mental exertion. During the twenty-five years of the existence of this asylum, but a little more than a hundred of both sexes have become its inmates who belonged to the ranks of professional men and women. Of these, twelve were clergymen, twenty-eight physicians, eighteen lawyers and fifty-two teachers. Of the actual causes assigned for insanity, but three men and one woman seem to trace it to excessive study. Among men, blacksmiths, carpenters, laborers, clerks,

farmers, machinists, shoemakers and miners show the greatest tendency toward insanity. But with the exception of farmers and laborers, no one of these reach one hundred during the twenty-five years. There have been six hundred and seventy-eight farmers within the asylum during that period, and six hundred and sixty laborers, indicating plainly, even after making allowance for the excess of persons of this class in community, that wearing physical labor will derange the brain just as soon as, if not sooner than anything else. Among women, one hundred and sixty-four domestics, eighty-one farmers' daughters, and eight hundred and eighty housekeepers and housewives. Of other occupations, there are eleven milliners, twenty-seven seamstresses, five tailors and twenty-four teachers; while five hundred and eighty women had no occupation previous to their insanity. Are not these statistics significant? It is not study which works havoc in women's health and upsets their brains. It is the hard, wearing drudgery of housework, which gives them no time for mental improvement or for recreation. And next to having too much to do, it seems most disastrous that women should have no occupation whatever. Even men are broken down from an excess of do-nothing, since one hundred and fifty of the stronger sex are reported as without occupation.

It is also a significant fact that more men become insane than women in a ratio of more than two to one. Surely something must be wrong in the education of men, or in their subsequent lives; and would it not be quite as well to let the women rest for awhile, and turn our attention to a consideration of the causes of ill-health and insanity among men, and try to find out a remedy? Meanwhile, let us remain satisfied that healthy action of both mind and body in just proportions, will be injurious to neither men nor women—on the contrary, most beneficial.

### A Winter Pleasure.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows: "One of the small pleasures which help to make the winter bright for me, is feeding the pretty English sparrows, which are flashing about our homes, now that the wintry blasts have come. Indeed, I cannot sit down to my desk or my sewing with comfort, until I have sprinkled the porch roof just before my window with crumbs for them. I think they watch for them in that grand old cherry tree, which sometimes seems alive with them. Very soon after the window is closed, the roof is covered with the dear little brownies, who pick up the crumbs, and look up at me so fearlessly with their bead-like eyes. A poor little lame one comes sometimes, who can scarcely hop on one foot. We feel so sorry for him, but are thankful his wing is not lame. All the others seem kind to him, and never snatch away his crumbs.

"The sparrows do more than amuse us. They bring home to our hearts many sweet lessons of our Father's love and care. 'Not one of them falls without His notice. And shall He not much more care for you, oh ye of little faith?'

"There seems to be twenty sparrows where there was but one last winter. They drift up from the roadside at times like a wave of brown autumn leaves when the wind is high. I hope dear 'Lichen' has a flock of them about her windows, for I know they will make her gentle heart glad, and cheer her in many a weary hour."

## An Allowance for the Girls.

ONE of our correspondents, a lady of experience and observation, says:

"Those parents who can afford it, will find it an excellent plan to give their daughters a monthly allowance, to purchase whatever is needed for their wardrobes. There is nothing like experience to teach them how 'the money goes.' Perhaps it will help them to think that father is not quite so unreasonable as they suppose, when he demurs at their many demands for 'only a dollar,' 'only fifty cents,' and so on, day after day. They will find that even dimes count up pretty fast, when one has just so much to spend and no more.

"To make the lesson of a regular allowance worth anything, there must be no supplementing from mother's funds, no teasing for a new dress extra from father. They must learn to make the sum do, and adapt their expenses to it. If this requires calculation, so much the better. With the allowance the father should give a good account-book and insist on its being regularly used to set down even the pennies expended. Few, even of mature years, realize how much slips away in these little sums which seem quite too small to count.

"Then, too, if a daughter desires to make a present the money she expends is quite her own. There is little generosity in spending other people's money in making our gifts. But when we really deny ourselves that we may make another glad and happy, we have learned the blessed lesson of true charity.

"It is only by taking thought in the disbursement of our own money, be it a large or a small sum, that we can learn the right use of it."

## A Delicate Compliment.

THE wife of Salvini, the eminent Italian tragedian, recently presented Wagner, the composer, a basket of flowers consisting of a bed of white blossoms on which were laid five lines of score made by five blades of grass, with the treble key picked out in violets. The two opening bars of the "Rhine Daughter's Song" were marked on the lines by pink blossoms.

## Vick's Floral Guide for 1877.

NUMBER one of *Vick's Floral Guide* for 1877 is on our table. As usual, it is filled with matters of interest to the lovers of flowers, and well deserves the praise that has been bestowed upon it. Besides a large amount of entertaining matter, it contains an elegantly colored plate of flowers. We notice that Mr. Vick, in this number of the "Guide," authorizes the officers of every State and Territorial Agricultural Society in the United States and the provinces of Canada, to offer, in his behalf, the following premiums: for best collection of cut flowers, twenty dollars; second best, ten dollars; third best, five dollars; and fourth best, floral chromo. This offer is made to amateurs only, and the flowers to be exhibited to the annual fairs, the flowers not to be made into bouquets, but exhibited separately, and named. The price of the *Floral Guide*, consisting of four quarterly numbers, is only twenty-five cents.

## "Madge Carol."

WE are pleased to know that the graceful stories of our contributor, "Madge Carol," are winning for her hosts of admirers. There is a touch of nature in them all, and often a tenderness and pathos that take the heart captive. We do not wonder at her growing popularity.

## Publishers' Department.

## HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1877.

AS we have already said, there will be no change in any of the distinctive features of the *HOME MAGAZINE* for the coming year; only a new and higher interest in all of its Departments. To our admirable corps of contributors, which now includes some of the most popular authors of the day, we shall add new writers, in order to secure for our readers the largest possible variety of literary attractions.

For over twenty-three years our magazine has been an annual and welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and there are now subscribers on our list who have taken it from the very beginning, and who could not be induced to give it up for any other magazine published. They have learned that its publishers always keep their promises; that the interest of its pages never flags; that its literature is of the highest character; and its illustrations equal in artistic merit to those of any other magazine. And still beyond this, that in its peculiar character and varied departments it is more thoroughly identified with the people in their common life and social interests than any other first-class periodical in the country. And this is why it has become a welcome visitor to their homes.

## TO OUR CLUB-GETTERS.

We would call the particular attention of our club-getters to the fact, that an **Important Reduction in Club Rates** has been made for the coming year. This will not only enable them to make up their clubs more easily, but in many cases to enlarge them. We would also call their attention to the fact that we offer the **Largest Premium** ever given for a club of subscribers at the lowest club rates. This Premium is a copy of our Great National Picture of "ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES," handsomely framed in heavy walnut and gilt moulding, and ready for hanging.

## BUTTERICK'S NEWEST PATTERNS

For Ladies' and Children's Dresses. These are given in every number of "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE."

They are acknowledged to be among the most practical and useful of any in the country, and as they are always accompanied with full descriptions of the garment, material to be used, etc., and the cost of pattern, so enabling every woman to be, if she chooses, her own dressmaker, our lady readers will see that, in this feature, our magazine is rendered almost indispensable to the family. We give these patterns by special arrangement.

## LIVES AND PORTRAITS OF THE PRESIDENTS.

In this neat and handsomely-printed book, published at the office of the *HOME MAGAZINE*, you have, in the compass of 72 carefully-written pages, not only the biographies of the eighteen American citizens who occupied the Executive chair during the first century of our national existence, but a connected civil and political history of the country during the one hundred years of its marvellous progress. Added thereto is the full text of *The Constitution of the United States*, with all the amendments, giving the book a still higher value to every citizen.

Besides the biographies and the Constitution, there are eighteen finely-engraved portraits. The book is gotten up in the very best style.

All this for only twenty-five cents. Sent by mail, postage paid.

## Leamon's Dyes Color Silks.

## Leamon's Dyes Color Woollens.

## Leamon's Dyes Color Cottons.

## Leamon's Dyes Color Anything.

Druggists sell them. A book giving full and explicit directions will be sent to any one by addressing the proprietors, WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

1877

**ARTHUR'S**  
ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE

## REDUCED CLUB RATES FOR 1877.

SPECIMEN NUMBER, 10 CENTS

## PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

**T. S. ARTHUR & SON, 1129 Chestnut St., Phila.**

# N. W. AYER & SON, ADVERTISING AGENTS, HAVE REMOVED

—TO THE—

Times Building, Chestnut and Eighth Sts., Philadelphia.

Commencing business early in 1869, we first located at 530 Arch street, as the representatives of the Philadelphia Religious Weeklies, which up to that time were comparatively unknown to advertisers. Our anticipations did not then extend beyond a comfortable business on the eleven papers comprising our first list; but in the fall of the same year, so encouraging had been our success, that we determined to extend the sphere of our operations to include the papers published in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and in order to secure a more central location removed to 719 Sansom street. Here our business continued to develop very satisfactorily. In January, 1872, we leased the premises No. 733 Sansom street, thereby securing very commodious rooms, the number and size of which were gradually extended as growth of business demanded enlarged accommodations, until we finally occupied more than half of the entire building, and had our employees scattered over three different floors. Learning the intention of the publishers of The Times to erect their present building, we at once commenced with them the negotiations which resulted in such changes of their plans and specifications as were needed to make for us the most commodious accommodations. We are now located at the intersection of the two leading business thoroughfares of Philadelphia, in one of the most prominent and attractive buildings in the city, having a frontage of fifty feet on Chestnut street, and eighty-four on South Eighth street. The entire second floor and a part of the third have been specially constructed to suit our wants, and with their elaborate fittings make the most elegant and convenient offices that have ever been arranged for the advertising business. We are thus enabled to bring the different departments of our business into immediate connection, and thereby concentrate our working force, so that we now possess all the accommodations which experience has shown to be requisite or desirable. Our employees number twenty; and we frequently find this force scarcely adequate to accomplish the work.

This brief sketch will suffice to show that from a very small beginning our agency has rapidly grown to be one of the largest of its kind in the COUNTRY.

Our entire business is thoroughly systematized, and our facilities for its transaction are unsurpassed. We keep the leading papers of the country constantly on file; and our special contracts with them are so numerous and favorable that we can offer the very lowest prices for advertising, and to responsible parties the most advantageous terms of settlement. We have so extensive commissions to pay, but employ our men entirely on salary, giving at once to the advertiser all the discount that can be afforded. We are at all times pleased to furnish promptly and without charge, estimates showing the cost of advertising in any paper or list of papers, and guarantee the strict fulfillment of all orders entrusted to our care. It costs nothing to get our figures; and it will pay every advertiser to do so before contracting for any newspaper advertising.

## AYER & SON'S MANUAL

For Advertisers, an elegantly printed book of 128 royal octavo pages, is sent postpaid, upon application, to all who contemplate advertising. It contains carefully prepared lists of leading daily, weekly, and monthly newspapers in the United States and Canada, with valuable information regarding circulation and advertising rates, so arranged and classified as to enable an advertiser to select without difficulty the medium best suited to any particular purpose. It tells how, when, and where to advertise wisely and cheaply, and will enable you to secure the largest amount of advertising for the least amount of money. Send for it. We also publish

### THE ADVERTISER'S GUIDE,

A Quarterly Magazine, devoted to the Interests of Advertisers and Newspaper Publishers. Fifty Cents per Year, postpaid.

Each number is well filled with interesting and instructive reading matter, together with valuable information regarding newspapers. Our aim is to disseminate a more general knowledge of newspaper advertising and the advantages to be gained by it. We therefore make the following offer: to all persons advertising through this agency to the amount of FIVE DOLLARS, we will send the Advertiser's Guide, postpaid, without further charge.

### OUR PRINTING OFFICE.

We have our own printing-office, well filled with type peculiarly adapted to the proper display of advertisements, and keep three men employed exclusively on the work arising from our advertising business. We are thus enabled to furnish, without expense to the advertiser, a proof showing just how the copy desired will look in type. Our compositors having for years made this branch of type-setting a study, know how to reduce an advertisement into the smallest compass consistent with its proper display, and thus enable us to secure to an advertiser the largest amount of publicity in the least possible space, and consequently for the smallest expenditure of money. All these advantages we offer free of charge, to those who avail themselves of our unsurpassed facilities, and shall be glad to correspond with all who contemplate the expenditure of any money in newspaper advertising.

Our offices are at all times open for inspection, and we take pleasure in showing their inside workings to any who may call. In conclusion allow us to ask that you

**GET OUR ESTIMATE BEFORE MAKING ANY  
ADVERTISING CONTRACTS.**

*N. W. Ayer and Son*

ADVERTISING AGENTS,

Times Building, Chestnut and Eighth Streets, Philadelphia.